THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

{ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1990.}

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2,00 A-YEAR.

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☞ For particulars, see second page. ☜

LOVE ME LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Friend, whose smile has come to be
Very precious unto me—
Though I know I drank not first
Of your love's bright fountain-burst,
Yet I grieve not for the past,
So you only *love me last!*

Other souls may find their joy
In the blind love of a boy—
Give me that which years have tried,
Disciplined and purified,—
Such as, braving storm and blast,
You will bring to me *at last!*

There are brows more fair than mine—
Eyes of more bewitching shine—
Other hearts more fit, in truth,
For the passion of your youth—
But, their transient empire past,
You will surely *love me last!*

Wing away your summer-time—
Find a love in every clime—
Roam in liberty and light—
I shall never stay your flight;
For I know, when all is past,
You will come to me *at last!*

Change and flutter as you will,
I shall smile securely still;
Patiently I trust and wait,
Though you tarry long and late;
Prize your spring till it be past,
Only, only LOVE ME LAST!

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SKY DARKENS BEFORE THE STORM.

I called on Adrienne the next morning, and found Seabrook there before me. She was leaning back in a *fauteuil* with a book lying open upon a small table close at hand. He was bending over some geraniums in the window, and looked up, as I entered the room, with a troubled expression upon his face, such as I had seldom seen there before.

Adrienne observed my glance, and smiled somewhat sadly.

"I have been undertaking the graceless office of adviser to your friend," she said, after the customary salutations were over. "I think it is almost his duty to employ his education and talents in the exercise of some honorable pursuit."

"Then, madame," I replied, "you should advise me likewise, for I find myself in precisely the same position."

"Not so; you have estates to cultivate—dependents whose happiness must rest, in a great measure, upon your treatment—wealth which it is your task to employ worthily. All these things may be sufficient for a rich scholar who loves his library, his old home, and his 'paternal acres' better than the civil warfare of professional life. Such is not the case with your friend. He confesses that his resources are insufficient for his requirements. He would fain be the possessor of some few hundred volumes of poetry, history, and romance. He enjoys refined society, and would wish occasionally to be the entertainer as well as the entertained. It would please him, now and then, to purchase a painting by some favorite artist; and he could love a faithful horse, or three or four sagacious dogs, if it were in his power to become their master."

"A very pretty picture of the beau ideal of a wealthy connoisseur," I replied. "It reminds one of Beckford and Horace Walpole, or of that luxurious desire of Gray's, who wished that he could lie all day upon a sofa, reading eternal new novels of Crebillon and Marivaux!"

She smiled again, and shook her head playfully.

"You misapprehend me," she said. "It would distress me to hear Mr. Seabrook aspire only to the position of a 'wealthy connoisseur.' You speak of a life thus devoted—I of a leisure. He must earn the privileges of taste and liberality before he can enjoy them."

"Am I then to understand that Seabrook contemplates entering upon the study of a profession?" I asked, incredulously.

He blushed and laughed.

"The die is not yet cast," he said, with an assumption of *badinage* that seemed hardly natural, "but I really contemplate such a step, and have contemplated it for some weeks. When a man passes five-and-twenty he finds a blank in his life that needs to be filled up by some grim word, such as 'physician,' 'lawyer,' or 'statesman.' It is my turn now, I suppose; and Seabrook, the idler *sans souci*, the picture-loving, adventure-seeking, all-enjoying-rambler, the scorner of carriage-tourists, and the sworn foe of all cicerones, guides, and *valets de place*, is about to subside into a respectable member of society, with a brass plate on his door, and (if the gods permit) an interesting little account at his banker's!"

"Here is a change, indeed! Have I not heard you say of poverty that it was the only wealth—of riches, that you pitied those who are burdened with the care of them—of books, that in the liberty of reading in the great free libraries of Paris, London, and Berlin, you commanded the finest collections in the world—of picture-galleries, that you enjoyed them, and that their owners could do no more? Oh, shame! you are seceding from your own tenets!"

"An honorable retreat, Paul—not a flight!"

"Then you acknowledge that there has been a combat—a combat wherein madame is the victress."

"On the contrary," retorted Adrienne, vivaciously, "it has, I fear, too nearly resembled that celebrated Battle of Bologna of which Guicciardini relates that it was 'a victory obtained without a combat!' Mr. Seabrook was the first to enter upon the subject, and I believe that the opinion which I ventured to express was precisely that which he most wished to hear."

"Jesting apart," I replied, "I am heartily pleased to know this. To what profession do you think of turning your attention?"

"I cannot say that I have yet arrived at any decision," said he, with an assumption of profound gravity. "It lies at present between the church, the law, finance, and the study of medicine. Indeed, I am hourly expecting the arrival of deputations from each of these professions, soliciting me to confer immortality upon their respective bodies; and until I have considered the advantages and disadvantages attendant upon all, I cannot definitively state whether it is to be the Archbishopric of Canterbury, the Woolsack, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, or the Presidency of some distinguished Medical Society."

Thus conversing, mingling jest with earnest, some time passed by, and I was just about to take my leave when the stoppage of a carriage beneath the windows, and a man's voice on the stairs, told us that Theophile had returned home from his morning-drive.

Up he came, bounding over three or four steps at a time, and entered the drawing-room by storm. His face was flushed—he carried some cards in his hand, and the very air with which he threw them down at Adrienne's feet was that of a man nearly beside himself with excitement.

"Here, here, my wife!" he exclaimed. "Here is some life, here is some amusement, here is some variety at last! A masked ball, thank heaven! and one patronized, authorized, originated by all the best people in Brussels! The king lends his name—the nobility and visitors subscribe—it is everything that is private, select, and extravagant! I have taken a dozen tickets directly, and it is expected that all will be sold before evening. Oh, is it not charming!"

Involuntarily I glanced at Adrienne to see how she would relish this proposition and the tone in which it was conveyed; but her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and I could not read the most transient emotion in the composed immobility of her face.

"Here are tickets for you both," continued Theophile, boisterously, as he forced the cards into Seabrook's hand and mine. "We will make a merry party—we will invent costumes—we will have a glorious night of it!"

He began walking to and fro, in his wild mood, and his words came thick and fast, like those of a man whose tongue has been loosed by wine.

"You, Adrienne, you shall go as Marie Antoinette—she was blonde and belle, like you! Marie Antoinette!—no, no—that would be an evil omen. Let it be Marie Stuart!"

"Just as bad," interrupted Seabrook. "She was beheaded."

"Joan of Arc, then!"

"Joan of Arc was burnt," remarked Adrienne, forcing a smile. "You are resolved that mine shall be a tragic part, Theophile."

"*Diable!*" exclaimed my brother, looking round with an odd, wondering stare. "Why do these fatal names come into my head? We mean to be merry—we mean to forget everything but pleasure—we want no evil omens! Be Pallas, or Helen, or the Virgin Mary—they were not beheaded, or burnt, or guillotined, were they? Ha! ha! Let us enjoy it in prospect! *Vive le bal masque!*"

"But you have not yet told us where it is to take place," said I, addressing him for the first time.

"Where? Why, where should it be held, unless in the ball-room of the Opera? We shall have the entire orchestra for our band, and it will be the best ball of the whole season! What characters shall we take? What will you be, Seabrook? What will you be, Paul?" Then, not waiting for any reply, "I have thought of hundreds *for myself*," he continued; "but I can't decide. What say you to Robespierre—Charles the Twelfth—Philip de Commines—Dante—the Man with the Iron Mask—Shakspeare—the Count of Monte Christo—Sir Philip Sydney—the Knave of Hearts—Rob Roy—Masaniello—Napoleon Buonaparte—Polichinello—Richard the Third—Erasmus—Bluebeard! Ha! ha! What a medley! Enough for all to choose from!"

"And when does it take place?" asked Adrienne, with a sigh.

"To-morrow week—the 16th of October."

"But shall we be in Brussels, Theophile? Were we not to start for Burgundy in three or four days?"

"What folly! Would you think of missing the ball for that? We can go to Burgundy a week later—or we need not go at all!"

"Not go at all, Theophile?" cried Adrienne, rising and fixing a searching glance upon his face. "What do you mean?"

"Bah, Adrienne! How you take everything seriously! Let us be happy while we can! I *will* go to the ball—I swear it! And so will you, my wife; I shall insist—*mon Dieu!* I shall insist. Courtrai is to be a steward," he continued, falling back into the reckless strain he had pursued before, "and De l'Orme master of the ceremonies. They wanted me to be a steward—but I would not! no—no, I was resolved to be merry—to be free! free! free!"

And again he laughed aloud, and still he kept striding backwards and forwards—backwards and forwards—like a prisoner in a dungeon.

Quite silently I rose and left the room. I could not bear to see it. There was something ghastly in his wild mirth, and I dared not give way to the displeasure which it roused within me.

As I passed down the staircase, a hand falling lightly on my arm caused me to turn. It was Adrienne.

Pale as marble—breathless—with one finger pressed on her lips, she opened a door upon the landing, and, with her hand still resting on my sleeve, led me in and closed it softly.

For some moments we were both silent; then, in a voice that went to my heart, so measured, so low, so unnaturally calm it was, she spoke to me.

"You are his brother, Monsieur Paul. You have known him longer and better than I. You know all his faults. Tell me what this is."

I looked down, and shook my head in silence.

"Strange things have taken place of late, Monsieur Paul," she continued, still firmly. "He has not been the same man since we arrived in Brussels. He has anxieties, debts, associates of whom I know nothing. Immense expenses have been incurred—timber, and even land, has been parted from. Do you know anything of this?"

Again the same mute reply. What other could I give her?

"He—he has sold some farms of mine in England," she said, and her voice wavered slightly. "His lawyer was with him every day last week. There is some fatal propensity—some—some infatuation at work, I am convinced. The other night he came home as day was dawning, and in the morning I found a pack of cards scattered upon the floor of his dressing-closet. He—he gambles."

"No, no," I exclaimed eagerly. "There, I am certain you do him an injustice! However weak and thoughtless he may be, Theophile, I am assured, could never be a gambler!"

"He is a gambler," she said in a rapid and more excited tone. "He is a gambler. I know it; for I have heard him call the names of the cards and colors in his sleep. But let that pass—let him gamble—let him ruin himself and me—let us be beggars, pensioners, outcasts—everything, in the name of Heaven, so that our hearts be not estranged from each other! I could endure everything but neglect—I could be happy under every privation, save that of my husband's confidence! Why did we ever come here? Why was I ever born! He loves me no longer! He loves me no longer!"

All her pride and strength was broken now, and bending her face down upon her hands, she sobbed convulsively.

"Alas, madame!" I said, sorrowfully, "what can I do? This is a sad sight for me. I know that he loves you still—I would stake my life upon it! Shall I speak to him?"

She dashed her tears aside with a haughty gesture of the hand, rose to her full height, and looked at me with a sort of proud anger in her eyes that blinded mine, as if I had been guilty of some deep offence, and could not lift them in her presence.

"Speak to him, sir!" she cried. "Speak to him! Have I fallen so low that even you insult me now? Think you that I need an intercessor? That I must plead for mercy? That I am about to kneel down at my husband's feet, and pray for his kind glances? No—it is too much!"

Standing there in her lofty scorn, upbraiding me with her flashing eyes, and curling lip, and flushed, disdainful brow, she looks almost more than woman—then suddenly gives way and weeps again, and entreats my pardon, sobbingly and through her tears.

It is her grief, she says, that makes her unjust—she has been thinking of it, and fretting over it, by day and night for many weeks, till her brain and her heart ache, and her very voice grows strange to her own ears. I must forgive her! I will—will I not? She is but a weak girl—she knows not what to do, or where to turn—she wants help—advice—comfort. She is broken-hearted, and she longs to die!

All this is said at intervals, with a face buried in the cushions of a sofa, and a form trembling from head to foot.

How am I to help—comfort—advise a grief like this? What can I say or do, with the solution of the dark secret hidden in my breast, and the knowledge of a blacker sin than even she dreams of, pressing down, like the weight of an iron hand, upon my heart? My only resource is in vague, general terms of sympathy—in reiterated assurances of her husband's affection—in suggestions that his new pursuit, far from being a fixed passion, could only be considered in the light of a passing folly—in promises that I would endeavor to keep him in my sight as much as possible, and by every indirect means in my power, hasten his return to Burgundy.

Uncertain and unsatisfactory as they are, these assurances serve in some degree to calm the impetuosity of her mood. Presently the excess of agitation subsides, and by-and-by a low occasional sob is all that I hear.

Thus, at length, I leave her, and pausing with suspended breath outside the door, hear the voices of Theophile and Norman Seabrook yet conversing in the drawing-room. It seems that they are still discussing the subject of the ball, for the words "costume—feathers—grotesque," accompanied by a prolonged peal of laughter, come distinctly to my ear and jar upon it painfully.

And so I turn away, and hasten down into the street unnoticed.

I am to meet Vogelsang, to-night, at the little inn of Ixelles, and I hope much from the interview. It must be done quickly—it must be done quickly!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EVENTS OF A WEEK.

A few words will suffice to relate all that took place during the week which intervened between the last chapter and the next. It was a weary time; occupied by delays—disappointments—doubts—daily-increasing apprehensions.

Adrienne was in the right—Theophile gambled. Vogelsang had discovered it long since, and on the evening of the very day that Adrienne confided her fears to me, the intelligence received its final confirmation from the lips of my associate. Nay, worse even than this, Hauteville—Hauteville, which had been purchased in the morning time of his happiness, and which was to have descended as an integral portion of the Latour property from generation to generation, was publicly advertised for sale in all the Belgian and French newspapers!

He might have been saved—he might have been saved even now, had I but succeeded in rousing Vogelsang to immediate action. Alas! some unaccountable torpor seemed to possess him. Whether from the fear of failure; the reluctance to face his wife; or a refinement upon his vengeance which delighted in holding the sword suspended above her head, I cannot tell; but every day he deferred the execution of our project—every day I lost hope and courage—every day plunged Theophile deeper and deeper into ruin.

Twice I saw Adrienne, but only upon the last occasion did I find myself alone with her. I had no favorable intelligence for her—no consolation which could afford her the faintest hope for the future. She had read the announcement respecting Hauteville, and was even more unhappy than before. Theophile had refused to give her any explanation of his affairs—had spoken to her with harshness and impetuosity—had absented himself as much as possible from home, and now seldom met her, even at meals. In society alone they appeared together as before, and in the face of the world maintained the semblance of that sacred confidence which existed no longer.

All this Adrienne told me with a heart-anguish which only made my own trouble too heavy for endurance. I could do nothing to alleviate her misery, and I found the interview so painful that I had not the courage to repeat it.

As for my other friends, I saw Margaret twice or thrice, and Seabrook even less frequently. He was much occupied now in making arrangements for commencing the study of the law, and was frequently absent upon visits to Antwerp, where he had consultations upon the subject with an English solicitor resident in that city. Somehow a check had fallen upon our intercourse of late—a check, but not a coolness. We loved each other as heartily as ever; but we met less frequently, and our travelling projects were all given up and forgotten. Perhaps the fault lay with myself, after all. I think it did. There were events and anxieties which I dared not reveal to him—I had appointments which I could not explain—schemes in which he could be admitted to no part. Perfect friendship and perfect confidence are one. Where there is a lack of the one, the other droops like a flower in the shade.

Thus matters stood till within two days of the masked ball from which Theophile anticipated so much enjoyment. Then Vogelsang told me that he had opened his negotiations with the manager of the theatre, and had purchased his promise of silence with a fee of two thousand francs, which I was to pay. Lemaire agreed to conduct a similar treaty with the subordinates, and all was at last *en train* for the speedy accomplishment of our plot. Still no day was absolutely fixed, and though I felt that the first step was taken, I yet chafed impatiently at the delay, and urged for speed—speed—speed!

So the 16th of October came round, and nothing decisive had been done.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MASKED BALL.

More from the desire of affording an escort to Adrienne during the evening, than from any curiosity with which the scene itself could inspire me, I consented to accompany my brother and his wife to the masked ball. She went with the vague hope that her presence might preserve him from the temptations of the card tables, which, as the announcements told, were to be prepared in the King's retiring rooms. I, because I felt convinced that Theophile would take his own course, and leave her to the companionship of whatever acquaintance he might chance to meet. Seabrook, too, was absent upon one of his Antwerp excursions.—Probably, had he been near at hand, I might have excused myself; for I felt but little in the mood for this carnival folly.

From Theophile's residence to the opera-house we travelled in unbroken silence. Two hearts out of three, at least, were too heavy for speech: and even my brother, leaning back moodily in a corner of the carriage, was grave and absorbed.

It was a dark, windy night, and sudden gusts of rain came dashing against the windows. The street was full of vehicles, moving along in two lines, and all towards the same spot. Going onward thus slowly, with the lights from the shops and the glare of the surrounding carriage-lamps flashing in upon us every now and then, revealing our pale, sad faces and fantastic dresses to each others' eyes, we seemed more like a party of mourners than a company of masks on their way to a ball, and I could scarcely divest myself of the idea that we formed part of some grotesque, yet awful funereal procession.

As we neared the theatre door, our progress became more and more difficult, and at last we stopped altogether. The carriages were "setting down," it appeared, about a hundred yards in advance, and we were not likely to reach our destination for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the least. Theophile muttered an impatient curse, and, after looking angrily from the window for several minutes, flung himself back as before, and played with his sword knot.

He wore the rich and elaborate costume of Prince Charles Edward the Pretender, and looked, in his ruffles and velvets, the very type of Scotland's chivalric darling. Sitting there, with his plumed hat resting on his knee; his fair hair hanging in natural curls almost to his collar; his breast covered with jewels, and his hands with rings, I thought I had never seen him so handsome. Adrienne could be persuaded to wear nothing more conspicuous than a white satin domino, embroidered with silver flowers; and a similar costume made in plain black silk furnished me with the only incognito I cared to assume.

Gradually we advanced, a few steps at a time, and soon there remained but one carriage between ourselves and the door. Adrienne sighed. Theophile stirred uneasily in his corner.

"Why do you sigh, Adrienne?" he asked, roughly. "We shall be released in another minute."

"That is why I sigh, Theophile," answered his wife.

They were the first words that had been spoken since we started.

"How! Do you not like the ball? Are you dissatisfied with your dress—which, I confess, might have been more elegant?"

"I like the dress as well as any other, Theophile; but I care nothing for the ball."

"She cares nothing for the ball! Bah! all women are contrary. If you care nothing for the ball, madame, pray why have you taken the trouble to come to it?"

This was spoken even more harshly than before, but with an effort, as if he were endeavoring to be out of temper. Finding that she remained silent, he repeated the question.

"Why have you taken the trouble to come?"

"Because you are here, Theophile."

He coughed, and looked aside out of the window. Presently he began again.

"If one goes to a masked ball, it should, at least, be with the intention of enjoyment. I insist upon your trying to be amused to-night."

"I will try," she replied, and her voice faltered.

At this moment the carriage in advance of us drove away, and we moved on opposite the lighted entrance with awning and carpeted pavement, and crowds of maskers thronging in the hall.

Theophile suddenly flung off his assumption of ill-humor.

"Adrienne!" he exclaimed, with emotion, "you are an angel!"

He seized her hand and kissed it warmly. At that instant the servant flung open the door—my brother leaped out and assisted his wife from the carriage—we passed rapidly through a double row of eager, curious faces, and in another moment had entered the hall, presented our cards, and made our way up the broad staircase to the ball-room beyond.

A strange scene, truly; but more confused and less imposing than I had anticipated. Only a dense crowd of richly-costumed persons walking, standing, conversing, and scarce any space for those who were disposed for dancing.—Many characters held their masks in their hands, or wore them hanging loosely from the belt or wrist; and the whole assemblage seemed to me more a vehicle for the display of taste, and an opportunity of conversation, than a *bal masque*, such as I had often read and heard about in history and romance.

A stream of promenaders was circulating slowly round the room, and into this train we involuntarily fell; Theophile and Adrienne in advance, I following in their wake. One of the first persons we encountered was M. le Marquis de Courtrai, laboriously scented, powdered and rouged, and carefully made into the likeness of Louis Quatorze, "to whom," as he smilingly averred, "he flattered himself that he bore some humble resemblance."

Finding Adrienne retain the arm of Theophile, M. le Marquis fell presently into the rear, and honored me with his conversation.

He began by assuring me that the first requisite in society was the possession of the grand air, and that the grand air was precisely the point upon which the youths of the present day were most deficient. He next proceeded to inform me that there were many fine women in that very ball-room who were languishing, absolutely languishing, for him (M. le Marquis); and he accompanied that interesting announcement with a variety of piquante and alluring details. From thence he diverged into a history of his female successes, past and present; and (as I made a good listener, and never opened my lips in reply, which would, indeed, have been rather difficult, seeing that I heard without comprehending one half of what he said,) he enlarged upon this theme with considerable complacency and eloquence.—Finding, however, that my attention was neuter rather than passive, and becoming, perhaps, dimly aware that my mind was occupied with other thoughts, M. le Marquis at length thought fit to drop the subject of his conquests, and to indulge in a few observations on the persons and things around him.

"The Hospodar is looking remarkably well to-night. You did not see him? Heavens, how droll! He passed us on the instant in the costume of a bashaw, with his eldest son carrying the tails before him. A pretty girl to the left, in that Circassian dress. Charming back and shoulders—charming! A good arm, too, and a nicely-turned ankle. Scarcely plump enough, I think! Eh? A nice girl, though—a very nice girl." (M. le Marquis had an agreeable way of dissecting the perfections of a lady, as if he were a butcher, and of commending them afterwards, as if he were a cook.) "Here is Madame la Baronne de Vallonvert, looking hideous in the costume of Queen Elizabeth! *Mon dieu!* that woman is positively too fat! Ah, Madame la Baronne, this is a veritable pleasure! Always charming, always *recherche*, Madame la Baronne. I find your costume delicious! By the way, M. Latour, I think that we have the history of perfidious Albion at the ball to-night. I myself have seen three Henry the Eighths, four Richard the Thirds, two Black Princes, and more than one Oliver Cromwell. Ah—ah! Do you see that woman yonder in the costume of Norma, with the wreath and sickle and the classic drapery? Mark her fine figure—her graceful head—her neck—her arms—her *pose!* She wears her mask, yet can you not tell who she is?"

I looked, started, doubted, shook my head.

"*Mon Dieu!* Not know the Vogelsang, even though her face be masked! My good boy, have you no eyes, no senses? There is not such another woman in Brussels. She is glorious—magnificent—superb! Your brother, I fancy, would not need to look twice: eh? How! do you not comprehend? Why the world *does* say—"

And Monsieur le Marquis elevated his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff with the grand air of Louis Quatorze, and subsided into a significant silence.

Just at this juncture, Theophile conducted Adrienne to a seat. Monsieur le Marquis abruptly quitted my side, and flew to the back of her chair, where he took up his stand in the attitude of her devoted slave. Theophile dived away into the crowd and disappeared; and I, in compliance with my sister-in-law's request, strolled on idly amid the throng, silent and observing; feeling my mind agreeably diverted, for a brief space, by the novelty and richness of the scene around me.

There was a band playing at the farther end of the room, where an area had been cleared for dancing. Hither I made my way by slow degrees, and found the space surrounded by admiring spectators. A party of twelve persons, habited in the picturesque fashion of the reign of Louis XI., were going through the stately and solemn figures of certain antique traditionary dances of that early period, to the accompaniment of quaint music, as intricate and grave as the windings of the dances themselves. Becoming interested in these obsolete measures, I stood gazing for a considerable time, till I found that a vast crowd had gathered behind me, and that I was standing in the front rank of a phalanx of spectators, many of whom had mounted upon benches and seats, and even upon the pedestals of the columns which skirted the room.

It was a matter of no little difficulty to retreat from this position; but, on consulting my watch, I found that I had left Adrienne more than two hours, and I doubted not that she was by this time completely wearied of the conversation of Monsieur de Courtrai. I therefore worked myself gradually out of the press, and had just emerged into a part of the room which was comparatively clear, when I came suddenly face to face with the masked Norma, and received a smart blow on the ankle from the sword of her companion, a tall man wrapped in a long Spanish cloak reaching almost to his feet, and whose head and face were shrouded in a broad *sombrero*, with heavy black plumes.

They seemed to be in haste, but the gentleman, though nearly past, turned to apologize.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," he said. "I did not observe that my rapier was in your way."

It was the voice of Theophile!

For a moment I stood quite still—then sighed heavily, and went upon my way. Of course it would be so. I might have guessed it before. He came to this ball for the purpose of meeting her—had most probably presented her with the admission!

Yet I was pleased that he should have assumed a second disguise. That, at least, testified to some little regard for the opinions of the world; averted somewhat of the notoriety of his intrigue; argued some lingering respect for his wife.

I found Adrienne where I had left her, and the Marquis was so obliging as to relinquish his post on my return. She was less sad than usual, and the gay scene amused her. The kiss, too, which Theophile had imprinted upon her hand in the carriage, had revived her drooping spirits.

"Perhaps," she said, hopefully, "his mania for extravagance is on the wane. You were the good prophet who foretold it, my good brother. It was, after all, but a whim; and if it be over, and that he was pleased by the indulgence of it, I shall not remember whether it were or were not an expensive or a dangerous one."

"Indeed, madame, I hope that it may be so."

"Do not say it with such a grave air, Mr. Paul. I feel assured that it is so; and the assurance makes me, ah, so happy! To-morrow I will persuade him to withdraw Hauteville from the market, and we will go down together to dear old Burgundy before a week be over! How pleased your mother will be to see us, will she not, Mr. Paul? And the servants, and the dogs—ah, yes! even the dogs! Poor Hector! he will not forget me!"

Fond child! how slender an act of grace sufficed to fill that trusting little heart with gratitude, forgiveness, love—ay, even to overflowing!

Conversing thus—she full of garrulous hope and anticipation, I silent and dispirited—two more hours passed away, and the rooms began, though almost imperceptibly as yet, to grow thinned of their brilliant company. It was ten o'clock when we first arrived, and it is now two. Adrienne suggests that we should look for Theophile, and return home as speedily as may be, for the hour grows late; so we rise and make the tour of the *salons*.

Abundance of princes, kings, knights, cavaliers, Highlanders, historical celebrities, Romans, Hamlets, Mephistopheles, Polichinellos, harlequins, debardeurs, jesters, peasants, officers, Persians, and Spanish noblemen we met; but never the beautiful and glittering Charles Edward whom we seek, or that dark Hidalgo with the sable plumes, for whom I keep an eager watch by the way.

Adrienne grows nervous.

"Perhaps," she whispers, falteringly, "perhaps he—he may be in the card-rooms!"

I pity the little hand lying upon my arm, for I see it contract, as if with a sudden spasm, at this thought. But we go.

The card-rooms are almost deserted. Only two tables are occupied, and those by some elderly gentlemen in plain dominoes, whose masks are laid aside, and whose faces look earnest and business-like over whist and picquet.

It is a relief to find that he is not here. We must have overlooked or missed him down stairs after all. Let us go back and search again!

So we go back and search again, threading our way through all parts of the ball-room, passing in and out the pillars, peering eagerly into the recesses of the windows and behind the draperies of the curtains. Thus another hour passes. It is three o'clock, and Theophile is not found!

Poor Adrienne! Every limb is trembling now. She takes off her mask—the room, she says, is so warm that she can scarcely breathe; yet she stands at this moment in the current of cool air from the door! Her face is deadly white, and I can feel her heart beat against my arm.

He must have gone home! Can he be ill? Has any accident happened? That idea is terrible, and I cannot prevent her from asking one or two persons near whom we are standing, if they have seen her husband, or if any gentleman has been taken ill. They only stare, smile, or remain silent, and one shrugs his shoulders and mutters "Poor thing!" half-pityingly, from behind his visor.

I now suggest that the best thing she can do is to return home. If he be unwell she will find him there. At all events, it is plain that he is no longer here. He may have sought her, all this time, as anxiously as we have sought him, and is, perhaps, now waiting for her at home.

"To be sure! Why did I not think of that before? Oh, that is it, I feel convinced! Thank you, thank you, brother Paul! Do not let us lose a moment. Where is my carriage? Oh, let us go—pray let us go directly!"

So we go down hastily, and Madame Latour's carriage is called. I have some difficulty in finding her cloak, which we had left in the care of an attendant, and there are so many carriages filed along the pavement that it is a long time before ours can reach the door.

All these delays are torture to Adrienne, and she stamps her white-slippered foot upon the marble flooring, in the impetuosity of her haste.

At last the vehicle draws up.

"Madame Latour's carriage stops the way!" is shouted by three or four voices at once.

We rush forward—the door is opened, and I hand her in.

"Pray come with me, Paul," she entreats, forgetting, in her anxiety, the forms of address which we have always so scrupulously observed.

I obey—my foot is on the step—my hand upon the door, when I am seized roughly by the arm, and dragged forcibly back.

"Stop!" whispers a hoarse voice in my ear—"Stop! All is lost—we are betrayed—they are gone!"

The form is that of a gray friar—the face is masked—the voice is the voice of Vogelsang!

"Lost—gone! What do you mean?"

"They have eloped together—from this very spot—two hours ago. We must follow them at any risk. Oh, I will have blood for this before I have done with her!"

There is a savage energy in the tone with which he utters these words that appals me. Adrienne calls to me from the carriage—I plead a flurried excuse—shut the door—direct the coachman to drive home, and so the vehicle rolls away, with her pale face looking back at me from the window.

"Well!" I exclaim, turning round upon my associate, "what is to be done? What next?"

"What next?" he says, fiercely. "What next? PURSUIT AND VENGEANCE!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST CLUE.

I followed him to a little dingy cabaret in the next street—a place of mean resort, with every shutter closed, and a pale light streaming from the open door upon the wet pavement. A man and woman were drinking at the counter, and a sleepy lad in shirt-sleeves and slippers ushered us into the parlor at the back, now deserted, but bearing evidence of recent company. The sanded floor was strewn with fragments of broken glasses, corks, and ends of cigars—the tables were smeared with wine—a hazy atmosphere of tobacco hung about the room like a fog; and the clock pointed to half-past three.

Vogelsang called for a half-bottle of brandy, poured it out into a tumbler, and drank half at a draught. In doing so, he threw back his friar's hood, and I saw that his brow was covered with blood, and that his face and lips were deathly pallid.

"You are wounded!" I exclaimed. "Let me go for a surgeon!"

"No—no," he replied; "it is nothing. I fell. I am a little faint. In a few minutes I shall be the same as ever."

He sat down and leaned his head back against the wall, looking ghastly. Trembling with eagerness to know more, I yet abstained from speech or movement, and stood watching him. I could hear my own heart beating as I did so, and I remember noticing at the time (with a sort of painfully acute susceptibility to every sound, however trifling) that it went so much faster than the ticking of the clock.

Presently he seemed to revive, and came over feebly to the fire-place. His hands shook like those of an aged man as he held them to the blaze, and he stared vacantly before him.

"Now tell me," I cried, impatiently, "tell me all! Where are they? Quick—quick!"

"Gone," he said, moodily, and without changing his position. "Gone!"

"I know it—but where?"

"Ay—where?" he repeated. "Where? That's the question."

There was a strange, dead apathy in his manner, totally different to the furious impetuosity with which he had stopped me at the doors of the theatre a few minutes previously.

"And have you no idea of the route they have taken?"

He shook his head silently.

"Nor of the way in which they travel?"

The same reply.

"But we must pursue them—we must discover them—we must part them!"

"Ay," he replied, "we must—we must."

"Instantly."

He stared up at me for a moment—then dropped his head again, and seemed to watch the embers, moaning softly to himself.

I resolved to rouse him.

"Up!" I said, authoritatively; "up and be doing! The hours are going fast, and every minute sees them a mile farther! We have to discover everything for ourselves! I will bring a cab, and we will go round to both railway stations. Perhaps something may be done that way. I trust to energy for everything."

My voice, my gestures seemed to animate him. He sat erect, and made an effort as if to collect his wandering thoughts.

"You are right," he said, at length, and more firmly—"you are right. Let me have a basin of water and a towel, and bid them bring me some bread; for I am faint. I have lost blood, and have eaten nothing since noonday."

I did as he desired, and assisted him to wash the stains from his face and clothing, and to throw aside the friar's mantle, which he wore outside his dress. He then ate a small crust, and both looked and felt better.

"Now I am ready," he said. "Let us go."

There was not a vehicle in sight. I went round to the theatre, and the few that stood there were engaged by maskers—for the ball was not yet over, and I could hear the music going on merrily as I passed by.

Down two more streets in the rain and darkness, and still without success—back again, past the theatre a second time, and on in the direction of the old town, where I met an empty vigilante rolling slowly along, and hired it with difficulty; for the driver was tired, and his hours of work were over.

I found Vogelsang better than when I left him; but he had bound a red scarf round his head, which made him look whiter than ever by the contrast, and he leaned heavily upon my arm as he got in.

"To the Antwerp line, driver, and as fast as you can make your horses go!"

On, still on; but very slowly, for the weary beasts are scarcely equal to even that short journey, and the driver is nearly asleep on the box. On, on, till it seems that we shall never arrive there.

Again I urge my companion to tell me more.

"How did you learn their flight? Where did you get that blow?"

"One question at a time. As to their flight, I saw them leave the rooms together—I had been at their heels the whole evening, in my friar's cowl—I followed them to the cloak-room and saw him hurry her into the carriage—she dropped this note as she went—listen: 'To-night you will be prepared for escape. I will have all in readiness. We can leave the rooms about midnight, and before suspicion is roused, we shall be beyond the reach of discovery.—T. L.' I only paused to pick this paper up—to read it once, and then I followed the sound of their carriage-wheels with the speed of an Indian. Suddenly my foot slipped—I fell—my head came sharply against the curbstone—I remember no more till I recovered my senses, about half an hour since, lying on my face in a dark, solitary street, with not a soul in sight. On striving to rise and walk, I found myself giddy and confused, and my face wet; but whether with rain or blood I knew not. Then I remembered what had happened, and my first impulse was to find you, to pursue them, to be revenged! I did find you, for just as I came up you were leading the lady to her carriage. You know the rest."

"And do you still feel equal to the pursuit? Had you not better see a surgeon, and take some brief rest before we go farther?"

"Rest! No—not if I die upon the journey."

His old courage and determination speak out again now in voice and bearing, and when we reach the station he is the first to alight.

The doors are all fast closed; but there is a light burning in the windows of one of the lower rooms, and we knock lustily and repeatedly. We are not heard; all is perfectly still within; the station seems deserted.

Again we knock, and are just going away disappointed, when a door is opened suddenly and a man in a dressing-gown and slippers looks out, and asks us angrily what we do there at such an hour?

"We want to know when the last train left? Has there been one since midnight? Does monsieur remember to have seen a fair gentleman and a dark lady (both very handsome) together on the platform? Did they take tickets, and can he remember for what place?"

The station-master thunders forth an artillery of abuse. There has not been a departure since ten minutes before eleven. We must know that. We are *mauvais sujets*. To the devil with the dark gentleman and the fair lady, and with all impertinents!

Thus rebuffed, we turn away and resume our places in the cab, desiring the coachman to drive to the Ligne du Midi, or South Railway. To this he gives at first a positive refusal; but being bribed by promise of a triple fare, consents at last to go on, though at a slower pace than ever.

At the South Railroad the outer gates are closed—not a light is anywhere visible—not a sound is audible. The coachman thinks that there is no train between midnight and six o'clock P. M., and declines to drive us any farther. In vain I expostulate—entreat—threaten—urge the importance of our business and the illness of my companion. John is inflexible. His horses are of more importance to him than any man's business, and to knock them up would grieve him more than any man's illness. He has driven us as far as he had agreed—he must be paid and dismissed. In short he dismisses himself.

So we are compelled to alight in the thick close mist of the early morning, and, taking shelter under an arch-way, hear the vigilante rumble lazily away.

"What shall we do now?" asks Vogelsang, peevishly. "I feel as if I had no power to think or act—it is this cursed blow that has done it. What shall we do?"

"The first thing is, obviously, to get another coach," I replied. "The second, to find by which road they have left Brussels."

"But how? How?"

"There are thirteen gates to the city, are there not?"

"Yes."

"Then we must go from gate to gate till we find through which they passed. And now for the coach!"

I set off upon the same search as before, and this time with readier success, for in a few moments we are once more seated side by side, and driving in the direction of the Porte de Halle.

At the Porte de Halle we meet only with disappointment. No carriages have passed that way since midnight; but there have been four market carts, which came from the country, and one traveller on horseback.

"Which, then, is the nearest gate from this?"

"I hardly know, monsieur—I should think the Porte d'Anderlecht."

"Off! to the Porte d'Anderlecht."

Again the blinds are drawn up, and we dash forward between the grey lines of trees that skirt the Boulevard. It still rains, and the morning dawns slowly. Vogelsang leans back with a groan, and presses his hands upon his aching brow.

"You must take the lead now in everything," he says moodily. "I am as helpless as a child."

At the Porte d'Anderlecht we find the gates shut and have to wait for several minutes before any one makes his appearance. Then a soldier comes out yawning, and proceeds to unlock them. We put the same questions to him. Has a carriage past this gate since midnight—a carriage with a lady and gentleman inside?

He knows nothing of any carriage. He is only just come on duty. Shall he call Jean-Simon? Jean-Simon, it appears, is his comrade yonder, sitting sleeping heavily by the fire. We see him through the open doorway, and we see how hard it is to rouse him. At length he stumbles forward not half-awakened, and listens to my interrogations with a glazed, heavy eye, and a half-opened mouth.

"Has a carriage passed through this gate since midnight?"

"A carriage, monsieur?"

"Yes, yes—a carriage. You know what a carriage means?"

"Yes, monsieur. I—I think a carriage did go through. But I'm not sure. It might have been a chaise—or a wagon. I was very sleepy at the time."

"Nay, nay, Jean-Simon," cries a shrill voice from within, "a carriage did go by about—let me see, about one o'clock of the morning."

"Ay—*she* knows," says Jean-Simon, pointing over his shoulder towards the gate-house. "It was a carriage, of course. *She* knows."

"And in which direction did it go? To or from the town?"

"From town, I think, monsieur. At least, I'm not certain. But I think it was from town."

"*From* town, Jean-Simon," says the shrill voice, confirmatively.

"Did you see who was in it?"

"No, monsieur. That is, I won't be sure. There was a gentleman, I think."

"And a lady? Try to recollect—was there not a lady also?"

"Truly, monsieur, I can't tell. I don't think there was a lady. I was very sleepy just then."

"Holy Virgin, Jean-Simon!" screams the shrill voice, impatiently, "there was a lady—a lady with a velvet cloak and a veil, leaning back as if she did not wish us to see her. You must recollect the lady!"

"Ay, *she* knows," says Jean-Simon, contentedly. "There was a lady, of course—and a gentleman—and a carriage. I saw them all. Of course I did. It's all true, messieurs. *She* knows."

"Where does this road lead to?"

"To Halle—Enghien—Tournay."

"Where is the nearest place that I can hire a carriage and post-horses, to follow after them?"

Here our driver interposes. He knows of a postmaster's close at hand, whose horses are excellent. I direct him to take us there forthwith, and away we go again between the lines of gray trees, growing distincter now in the increasing daylight.

All were asleep at the post-house, and ten minutes more, at the least, were lost in knocking, before we succeeded in rousing a soul. Then a half-dressed ostler came down—then two more, and presently they were putting the horses to a post-chaise in the yard.

And now, for the first time since we started, I remember Adrienne and her distress. What must she be suffering? What thinks she of my sudden refusal to accompany her—of my subsequent absence?

But this is not the time for reflection. I must act, and that quickly; for the carriage is being prepared; and I am going on what may prove a long journey. I tear a couple of leaves from my pocket-book, and scrawl a hasty note on each. One is to Seabrook, entreating him to break this matter kindly to Adrienne, and telling him, in three words, the cause and object of my departure. The other is to Adrienne, commending Margaret to her care during my absence, and referring her to Seabrook for all other information. This done, I fold and address them.

"Is there any man here who will faithfully deliver these letters, for ten francs?"

The three ostlers each start forward and offer themselves.

"Nay—I can choose but one. Do any of you know how to read?"

There is but one out of the three who can do this, so him I choose, and have the satisfaction of seeing him go, with the letters in his hand, just as we step into the chaise and drive off.

Once more away! Away through the narrow streets—along the Boulevard—out through the Porte d'Anderlecht—now giving passage to a succession of market-carts and pedestrian peasants, bound for the markets of the city. Away through the scattered villas, and brick-fields, and market-gardens that sprinkle the outskirts, and on to the flat green country, all dim and faded through the falling rain!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859

TERMS, &c.

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TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
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Author of "The Scout."	Mrs. M. A. Denison.
	Author of "My Last Cruise."
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The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly published, from the English and other periodicals, giving thus to our readers the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way.

In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

LAWLESSNESS.

It was recently stated that Mr. Bancroft, the distinguished historian, had decided not to carry his history of the United States any further than the formation of the Constitution—considering the Union at present too much of an experiment, to authorize the expression of a judgment upon the practical workings of our institutions. However ludicrous it may sound at first, this announcement that a "History of the United States" is to close at a period where the existence of the "United States" properly begins, we must admit that this decision is about the only safe one that the historian could have come to. For Mr. Bancroft is not a mere compiler of annals, but aims to give the spiritual history, the "very form and pressure" as it were, of the times of which he treats—and is nothing if not philosophical. Now, for the philosophical historian, to use a phrase of Mr. Webster's in relation to Massachusetts, "the *Past* at least is secure." The game is played out, and a judgment can be made up upon it, which at least can never be subjected to the mortification of being contradicted by the issue of the game itself. But the *Present* is an unruly subject for a philosophical disquisition, designed for the slow printing, and the permanent record of history. For, before the history even gets into type, and passes through the press, the course of events may have stamped the philosophy recorded there as unsound and visionary.

And yet, we confess it, we are somewhat surprised at this course on the part of Mr. Bancroft. It denotes a want of faith in the soundness of the principles which underlie our American institutions, and in the permanency of those institutions themselves, which we had not expected from him. Mr. Bancroft is in theory an ardent Democrat—of course we do not use the word so much in its party sense, as in its wider meaning—we think it was he, though it may have been Mr. Brownson, who first defined Democracy, at a political celebration, amid high enthusiasm, and with three times three, as "The supremacy of man over his accidents"—the regarding the fact of manhood as the essential thing, and the mere accidents of birth, of fortune, of intelligence, and of virtue as the non-essentials, upon which little if any stress should be laid. "A man's a man for a' that"—says Burns. However ignorant, however degraded, however corrupt, he is still a man—and, for that reason, the peer and equal in political rights and privileges of all other men.

This we take to be the political philosophy which, as a general thing, underlies the political institutions of these United States. Putting aside the negro race, we take it for granted that the majority of the people, without distinction of national descent, wealth, intelligence or virtue, do rule these United States; that the great Democratic principle we have alluded to, is practically in operation—and that that principle is now as fairly on trial as any political principle ever has been. And yet Mr. Bancroft, growing old and cautious, evidently is failing in his faith. What has alarmed him? What threatens to cut short the thread of those profound philosophical reflections, which the youth of the country read with so much enthusiasm and admiration?

We cannot say as to Mr. Bancroft. We can say, however, as to many others. The apparently increasing Lawlessness around them, especially in the large cities, such as New York and Baltimore, is evidently sapping the faith of many whose principles are the same as Mr. Bancroft's, and whose hopes were once as fervent.

Every one, almost, admits a growing evil—and every one almost has some remedy. One man proposes a change of the State Constitution, he wants still more frequent elections—another wants lower salaries—another wants rotation in office—another the election of all officials directly by the people—another a fuller attendance at the primary meetings—another a better selection of candidates—another a greater care in voting the regular ticket without any scratching—another equally great care in not voting any regular ticket, but in scratching in all directions—and so on.

Now, some of these remedies are wise, and some unwise—but all, it seems to us, are inefficient. Those who propose them, do not seem to perceive the real difficulty. They do not perceive that the simple act of voting in this country is, in a theoretical sense, an act of governing—and that those are the real governors of the country, who vote the successful ticket. Now, this class, as a general truth, is always truly represented. The men elected to office, as a general thing, do represent the average wisdom, intelligence and virtue of those who voted for them. And by no clever political arrangements can you make the stream of representatives rise higher than the fountain of the represented.

The majority of voters in any district are really and practically the only ones represented. We speak of a man representing a certain district, meaning all the people of that district, but it is evident that he represents only the people who voted for him. Those that voted against him, so far from being represented by him, may often truly regard him as even strongly antagonistic to them in every respect, intellectual and moral. Now, this majority of voters who are represented, may not really be a majority of the whole body of voters. It is a curious fact, not so curious, however, when you examine into it, that average bad men are more apt to exercise their right of suffrage than average good ones. There is a tendency in the former, when they are tolerably numerous, to drive the latter from the primary political meetings and from the polls, somewhat in the same way that an inferior currency drives out a good one. The good often become "disgusted with politics," as they term it—the bad are attracted by what disgusts the good. Being attracted, they soon make the existing vileness still more vile, and other decent men also become disgusted. Finally, the little cancer spreads until it begins to menace the very existence of the body politic.

Where then was the fault? Who can say? for he is the political doctor we need. If so large a proportion of evil, and ignorance, its tool, had not been allowed to enter the great source of power at first, would the result have been different? If ten corrupt men in a company of thirty, would finally manage to drive off a large portion of the thirty, and perhaps corrupt those they did not drive off, would five or three be able to do it—or would the latter be driven off, by the moral force of repulsion, themselves? Is there such a proportion of badness in even thirty average good men, that the company of ten men positively bad, is sufficient to turn the balance in favor of evil? These are questions which naturally suggest themselves to the philosophic observer.

But perhaps our readers tire of these vague and indefinite suppositions, and we will bring this article to a close. If we have not satisfied thought, or been able to satisfy it, we may at least have suggested some new line of reflection. One thing, however, we think, all will upon consideration agree to. That not so much by any improved machinery of elections, is our political situation to be improved, as by the purification and elevation, in some way, of the great primary source and fountain of power, the body of voters.

SUNDAY TRAVEL.—Mr. W. B. Thomas, chairman of the Committee on Sunday Travel, having written to the authorities of New York, Brooklyn, and Boston, in relation to the effects of allowing the city railway cars to run on Sunday, has received letters from the Mayors of New York and Brooklyn, saying that no evil, but much good, has been found to result from it. No increase of rowdyism, &c., has been noticed, they say, therefrom. The Mayor of Boston says that only one or two roads run their cars in that city on Sunday, but he has not observed any bad consequences.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Bayard Taylor gives the world another volume—TRAVELS IN GREECE AND RUSSIA—(G. P. Putnam, New York,) which has the vigor and vividness of his former works, and makes the reader a partaker in the happiness of his sight-seeing. To us who must make our tour of the world in the easy chair, it is no small privilege to have a guide like Bayard Taylor. For he has admirable common sense, a quick, observant eye for the homely and ordinary aspects of men and things, together with a true artist's perception of pictorial beauty wherever, and in whatever form, it may be. Here in Greece, for instance, he shows us without illusion the shabby and squalid Greek present, and yet we lose no curve of the grace, no glow of the beauty, nor aught of the grandeur or the glory of the old classic and heroic Past which makes the land immortal. It would be worth while to read this volume if only to enjoy the fine fire-burst of lyrical enthusiasm with which he welcomes the Parthenon, that glorious temple whose "perfect beauty is the expression of eternal love and joy." So everywhere throughout the book, he makes us hail with an artist's rapture the lovely Grecian landscape, as it blooms with bright luxuriance and pomp of color upon the inward eye. Now in Dalmatia, it is the rich plain sleeping in warm light, the blue harbor enclosed by purple islands, and the bald, lilac-tinted mountains of the Bosnian frontier, closing in the large and cheerful picture, that moves our admiration. Then, perchance, in the capital of Montenegro, we stand in the public square, and see the overhanging mountains burning with vermilion and orange in the last splendor of sunset. Or in the Gulf of Corinth, on a day of crystalline clearness, we see the long, rhythmical undulations of the interlinking mountain chains, clearly and delicately cut as a frieze of Phidias, on the blue plane of the air—the snowy hump of Parnassus rising above the tawny Dorian hills—and eastward the faintly streaked summit of Helicon—and further, floating in dimmest distance, Cithæron—and on the southern shore, the wild, dark masses of the Erymanthian hills, sloping away to the white cone of Cyllene. Or again, we look through a fluted vista of Doric columns, over the Areopagus, over the long plain of the Cephissus, shimmering silverly with the olive groves of the Academy, to the pass of Daphne and the blue hills of Salamis; or riding down through the pale pinkish-gray walls of that defile, where the scarlet anemones burn like coals by the roadside, and the lily and asphodel shoot forth fresh leaves, and the wild almonds and hawthorns are veiled in blossoms, we behold the dazzling velvety blue-green expanse shining through purple bloom like a dark sapphire—the superb sea-color of that classic Gulf of Salamis, which rang with the noise of battle one immortal morning, when the breeze had begun to stiffen in the bay. So, picture after picture, splendor after splendor, beautiful Greece passes before us, with interthronging panses filled with observation and experience and adventure, till at last our journey ends, and we share the pensive sweetness and sadness of our author's last evening at Athens. He alone shall describe it:

"The sun is sinking in clear saffron light beyond the pass of Daphne, and a purple flush plays all along the high, barren sides of Hymettus. Before me rises the Acropolis, with its crown of beauty, the Parthenon, on whose snowy front the sunsets of two thousand years have left their golden stain. In the distance is the musical Ægean, dancing with light-whispering waves to fill the rock-hewn sarcophagus of Themistocles. Plato's olives send a silver glimmer through the dusk that is creeping over the Attic plain. Many an evening have I contemplated this illustrious landscape, but it was never so lovely as now, when I look upon it for the last time. Every melodious wave in the long outline of the immortal mountains—every scarred marble in the august piles of ruin—every blood-red anemone on the banks of the Ilissus, and every asphodel that blossoms on the hill of Colonos—I know them and they know me. Not as a curious stranger do I leave Athens; not as a traveller eager for new scenes; but with the regret of one who knows and loves the sacred soil, to whom it has been at once a sanctuary and a home."

So, with these sweet and deep lyric tones of love and remembrance, we leave Athens, and Greece also, and proceed to Russia, whose bizarre and barbaric pictorial splendors and picturesque external life, have a different charm for our travelled eye. Bayard Taylor's works are always capital, and this is one of them.

Under the quaint title of MY THIRD BOOK, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton publishes a collection of new tales. (Harper & Bros., New York.) Two previous books of hers, launched on the tide of public opinion, sailed safely into the silver bay of public favor. Yet her fancy recalls what travellers tell us of the love-smit Hindu maids, launching, in a sort of Hindu Halloween-game, for true-love's augury, their tiny cocoa shell boats freighted with burning tapers on the nightly bosom of the Ganges, and, with something of the same soft tremor, she commits her third book, lit with a finer light, to the tender mercies of the stream. The stream ought to be gentle, and bring no wreck upon the new venture, for, to drop the metaphor, the stories are pleasant to read. They have, here and there, in some ideal shadow or touch of almost allegorical color, a glimmer of Hawthorne in his

early tales, and now and then vaguely remind us of *Wilson's Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*. But they are also distinctively the author's own, and hers is the upper music of the tide whose ever be the Niell voices calling dimly from below." It is, moreover, pleasant to be assured that Dan Cupid, like Daniel Webster, "still lives," for these are all love-stories, and though the other passions mix and work and interplay, love, under all chameleon hues of sorrow, sin, blight, death, joy, hope, holiness and happiness, is still the central passion here, as it is in real life. The stories, mainly romantic in incident, are poetic in tone and feeling, and have much beauty and purity of imagery and sentiment. Let us notice, too, as we pass and part, the many fair glimpses of the beautiful New England landscape which they afford.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE HORTICULTURALIST. A Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste. September. C. M. Saxton, New York.

FOUR YEARS ABOARD THE WHALESHIP. By WILLIAM B. WHITECAR, Jr. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

ALCOHOL; ITS PLACE AND POWER. By JAMES MILLER, Professor of Surgery in the Edinburgh University. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO. By JOHN LIZARS, Professor of Surgery to the Royal College of Surgeons. Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

MISS LESLIE'S BEHAVIOUR BOOK. A Guide and Manual for Ladies as Regards their Manners, Conversation, &c. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE MORICANS OF PARIS. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

PETERSON'S CHEAP EDITION OF DICKENS'S WORKS. OLIVER TWIST. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

PARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS. By S. ANNIE FROST. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

EMILIE, THE PEACEMAKER; SUNDAY MORNING THOUGHTS; SUNDAY EVENING THOUGHTS. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. Sheldon & Co., New York.

A NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; EMBRACING THE MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF PHYSICS AND EXHIBITING THE APPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES IN EVERYDAY LIFE. By G. P. Quackenbose, A. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE AMNESTY—EXILES RETURNING—A DIFFICULT QUESTION—THE SNOWDRIFT CONCLUDED.

Paris, Aug. 29, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The proclamation of a general political amnesty which crowned the rejoicings attendant on the entrance of the Army of Italy, and in honor of the Emperor's fete-day, has taken the world by surprise. When it appeared, on the morning following the *fetes*, no one could imagine that it really meant what we now find that it does mean, viz.:—a *bona fide* remission of every species of pain and penalty pronounced against political offenders, with the full and free permission to all who are now living abroad, either as exiles or refugees, to return in peace and quiet to their own country. But such, wonderful as it seems, is really the scope of this amnesty, whose large provisions will certainly do more to give validity to the title by which the Emperor holds his crown, than all his victories. M. Louis Blanc, we learn from the English papers, and also from allusions to his manifesto on the part of the French press, has refused to accept this act of clemency; but it would seem that not many of his countrymen will follow his example.

The Emperor is sending out steamers, at his own expense, to bring back the unhappy men who have been dragging out a wretched existence in the swamps of Cayenne and French Guiana; and from Algeria, Jersey, Brussels, London, and the other places where they have been taking refuge, the exiled Frenchmen are coming back in shoals. Various categories of the victims of civil dissention are thus released. Those who invaded the Constituent Assembly, on the 15th May, 1848, among whom are Blanqui, Raspail, Louis Blanc, Albert, and others; Hubert, transported for the same affair, was pardoned long ago and received a concession of a railway in this country; those who were transported for the outbreak in June, 1849, including Felix Pyat, Ribeyrolles, Victor Considerant, and a number of others. Guinard, a colonel of artillery in the National Guard, implicated in the same affair, was subsequently pardoned, and restored to his former grade; those implicated in the troubles which followed the *coup d'etat*, including Marc Dufraisse, Greppo, Miot, Mathet, Richardet, condemned to imprisonment in Guiana; Victor Hugo, Schoelcher, de Flotte, Esquiros, Charras, and fifty-nine others, temporarily expelled from France and her colonies, Hauranne, Creton, Generals de Lamoriciere, Changarnier, le Flo and Bedeau, Messrs. Baze, Thiers, Laidet, de Girardin, Pascal Duprat, Edgar Quinet, Anthony Thouret, Chauffer, and Versigny. Several persons belonging to these categories have already been authorized to return to France; all will now return if they choose to do so. The amnesty also applies to offences of the press; Proudhon will therefore be at liberty once more to insult womankind with his odious insanities on the subject of "the fair sex;" all "warnings" hitherto given to editors and writers are wiped out; and lastly, grace is extended to those who were concerned in Orsini's attempt against the Emperor in 1858.

The measure has given universal satisfaction, except to the small clique of Ultramontanes who are represented by the *Univers*, which journal is out against the measure, and approve Louis Blanc's declaration that he will not accept a piece of bread because he does not like the hand that offers it. But, despite the views of a few dissidents, it is certain that the French people heartily approve of the measure. As a gentleman, well known here for his Republican sympathies, remarked to me a few hours ago, "If only the Italian business can be settled in a fair, honest, and reasonable manner, that fact, together with the amnesty, will change Napoleon's position. He will then really be, what as yet he has never had the right to call himself—*the Emperor of the French.*"

It is, however, a most unfortunate thing that his Problematical Majesty has so utterly failed to inspire the world, France included, with a conviction of his honesty and sincerity. It is true that he has a most difficult part to play; the unreasonableness of the French character, the proneness of this pleasant people, to push every notion to its farthest extreme, and, like the Chinese in Charles Lamb's inimitable story, to burn down the house every time a pig is to be roasted, making them excessively difficult to deal with. The friends of the Emperor (and their numbers are increasing,) declare that he would gladly inaugurate a better and more liberal *regime* if he could; and prophesy a gradual relaxation of that iron grip which they conceive to have been necessary to prevent Frenchmen from cutting each other's throat; others declare that he has done his utmost to carry out the projects of repressing at home and invasion abroad which he brought to the throne, but that he finds his programme won't do, and so has determined to inaugurate another line of policy. Meantime, the disappointment so universally felt at the terms of the Peace of Villa Franca, the immense loss of life and money which has marked the campaign, and the inglorious sort of way in which it has terminated, have certainly acted like a wet blanket on the fiery aspirations after a war with England, which were raging here so violently only two months ago. The army still seems to believe that war is imminent; officers and men alike laugh at the "peace," and declare that in fifteen months they shall have seen the Thames; but the Emperor, it may be hoped, has had enough of "glory" for the present; and, at anyrate, will hardly care to unite against himself, the armies of so large a portion of Europe as he would have to face should he overstep his own frontiers again.

For the present it is pleasant to leave disquieting doubts of the future, to solve themselves, and to reflect on the immense amount of one of the most painful species of human suffering, which is now about to be ended by the return of the scattered children of France to the country which they so devoutly adore, and the re-union of so many families whose lives were blasted by the loss of fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons. Would that this amnesty might prove to be, indeed, the commencement of a better day for France, and the inauguration of an era of the internal prosperity and tranquillity which is the best antidote to cravings after foreign conquest, and the thirst of military "glory." With which sentiment—in which I doubt not but your readers will cordially join—let me once more draw aside the curtain, and present to them, in illustrative of the domestic romance of prosaic-seeming Russia, the third and last *tableau* of

THE SNOWDRIFT.

While the course of events had been as already described, the hospitable and worthy owner of Neradowno was gathered to his fathers; having left all his fortune to his daughter. Maria Gabrielowna, in the deep sorrow caused to her by this bereavement, vowed that she would never quit her widowed mother, but the thought of happier days rendered Neradowno a painful residence to both the ladies; and having found a tenant for this estate, they removed to a chateau belonging to them in another part of the country.

Great was the enthusiasm of the Russians at the glorious termination of the war; the army was the idol of the nation, the women, especially, vieing with each other in the favor accorded to everything wearing the military costume, so that no civilian, for a time, had the slightest chance of winning a smile from the opposite sex. Not a neighborhood in all Russia, no matter how retired and quiet, but shared in the prevailing enthusiasm of the day; and the village in which Maria Gabrielowna and her mother were now residing was exempted neither from the visits of soldiers returned on furlough to their homes, nor from the interest excited by their presence.

Notwithstanding her well-known indifference, Maria Gabrielowna was never without a pretty numerous circle of admirers; among these must now be mentioned a certain Colonel Bourmine, who, with his handsome face, his lovely hussar's costume, the cross of St. George dangling from his button-hole, and, above all, his arm in a sling, had won, by his mere presence among them, the hearts of all the damsels of the region.

He appeared to be about six-and-twenty; was of an excellent family, and heir to a considerable fortune. His parents' estate lay near that on which Maria Gabrielowna and her mother now resided; and from the moment when the handsome young Colonel had paid his first visit at Maria's chateau, all the gossips in the neighborhood predicted a match.

The visits of Bourmine became more and more frequent; his conversation was charming, his manners were irreproachable, his character was admitted to stand deservedly high. Maria Gabrielowna received him as she had never received any guest since Vladimir; and the good Pescovia Petrowna, to whom her daughter's aversion to matrimony was a constant matter of regret, began to hope that the gallant young Colonel might perhaps be destined to win the heart and the hand to which so many had laid siege in vain.

But though the young Colonel had now become a daily guest at the chateau, where his eyes followed every movement of his hostess with an eloquence of admiration and tenderness that said more than words could do of the feelings with which he regarded her, he never approached the subject which nevertheless could hardly be far from his thoughts; and though Maria Gabrielowna could not disguise from herself the pleasure which his presence caused her, nor the interest which he had created in her heart, she seemed rather to avoid giving him any opportunity of declaring his sentiments for her, and always contrived to keep her mother with her during his visits, much to the secret annoyance of the widow, who could not understand the hesitation which seemed to exist, on both sides, between two persons so well qualified to make each other happy.

Several months had now passed away in this manner. The Colonel's arm was quite well again, and it was known that his furlough was fast expiring.

"Can it be possible that he will go away without declaring himself?" was the question which poor Pescovia Petrowna addressed anxiously to herself at least five-and-twenty times every day.

But the more evident it became that the approaching parting would be a painful one both to the Colonel and to Maria Gabrielowna, and the more devoutly the good mother longed for the *denouement* which she hoped would render this separation unnecessary, the greater became the reserve which the young people seemed so perversely bent on maintaining towards each other.

"What can they both be thinking of?" was now the constantly-recurring self-interrogation of the anxious and puzzled Pescovia Petrowna.

A few days before the time appointed for his departure, Colonel Bourmine suddenly presented himself in the saloon, where the good lady, meditating, as usual, on the subject always uppermost in her mind, was sitting alone, busily engaged with her knitting. The young man looked pale, and something in his manner betrayed to the maternal eye both excitement and depression.

"Where is Maria Gabrielowna?" he inquired somewhat abruptly, after having addressed the usual salutations to her mother.

"She is in the garden. Go and look for her; I will stay here until you both come back," replied that lady, with a mental prayer to the Providence of all true lovers, that the interview might lead to some decisive conclusion.

Maria Gabrielowna, in her white summer dress, with a book in her hand, was sitting on a rustic seat under a tree, on the banks of the little lake that formed the favorite feature of the grounds of the chateau. As Bourmine approached her, she laid down her book; and a flutter, half of pleasure, half of pain, caused her heart to beat anxiously, and her hand to tremble. The young officer seated himself beside her. Maria Gabrielowna would have addressed to him some ordinary words of welcome; but she could not. The words died away unspoken on her lips; and she could only hold out her hand to him without speaking.

For an instant, Bourmine seemed to hesitate, and allowed her to draw back her proffered hand without shaking it. But as Maria, with a pained and surprised expression of countenance, let her hand fall upon the book in her lap, he suddenly seized it, and pressing it with fervor in both of his, exclaimed hurriedly:

"Forgive me, dearest Maria. Fool, madman that I am, I cannot leave you without imparting to you the dreadful secret which I had thought to hide from you forever! Beloved Maria! I love you, from the bottom of my soul, with all the passion, all the devotion of my heart, all the respect and adoration you so richly merit. Why did my evil destiny bring me into your presence? Why had I not the courage to fly from you when I felt the irresistible attraction that was drawing me to you? I have been deeply criminal in remaining thus within the circle of your charms; and I am doubly punished for the wrong I have done, for I feel, dearest Maria, and with the deepest remorse and sorrow, that I am not wholly indifferent to you, but that, were I free to follow the dictates of my heart, I might venture to hope that my dearest wishes would be crowned with success. But a strange, incredible obstacle stands between us; an insuperable barrier, that forces me to quit you, beloved Maria, and forever!"

"But this barrier, whatever it may be, exists also on my side," said Maria, in a stifled voice. "I, too, my friend, have to ask your forgiveness for any pain which our intercourse may have caused you. I, too, have tried in vain to find the courage to forbid your visits; for even did no obstacle exist on your side, I could never have become your wife."

"I know what you allude to," returned the young officer, sadly and gently, "but the hand of death, and the three years of separation it has brought, have released you from promises made in other days; and my own heart assures me, dearest Maria, that you might still have been mine, notwithstanding the cherished memory of that first love, were I not forever debarred from the right of asking for the treasure of your love. Maria," he continued, dropping her hand, and pressing his own, with despairing energy upon his eyes, I am married!"

"Married!" exclaimed Maria, in the extremity of her surprise.

"Yes, married; I have been married for the last five years! and strange, absurd, incredible as it may seem, married without knowing who, or where, is my wife, without even knowing her name, and ignorant as to whether I shall ever see her again!"

"What do you tell me? Explain yourself! explain yourself!" cried breathlessly Maria Gabrielowna, whose face had become as pale as death, while the convulsive clasp of her hands, and the intensely supplicating expression of her eye sufficiently indicated the painful interest awakened in her mind by this unexpected avowal.

"It was in the beginning of 1812," continued Bourmine, making an effort to regain his composure, "that I was travelling in great haste to Vilna to rejoin my regiment. One night, while I was waiting for fresh horses to be put to my sledge, at a post-house which I had reached somewhat late, a terrible snow-drift set in. My driver urged me to delay my journey until the morning; but I could not afford to lose time, and insisted on his going forward as soon as his horses were put in. With a view to shortening the distance which intervened between the post we were leaving, and the next on our route, the driver proposed to follow a side road by the river, by which means, he said, we should save three versts. As the man said he knew this other road perfectly well, I consented, and off we went. But when we should have reached the point at which he was to have struck again into the main road, he found that he had completely lost his way; and that we were in a part of the country completely unknown to him. The wind and snow were growing more and more furious every moment; and it was not until after two hours of struggle with the tempest, during which we had been driving without knowing in what direction we were going, that I at length perceived a light at some distance from us, and ordered the driver to make for it with all possible speed.

"In a few minutes more we reached a village. The light I had seen was shining from the window of the church. I ordered the driver to approach the building; hoping to obtain directions for my journey. The church-door was open. Two or three sledges were waiting outside; and a few persons were standing at the door.

"'Here! here!" cried several voices, as soon as I came near the church.

"I could not but suspect that these persons were under some mistaken impression in thus addressing me, but out of curiosity, I drove up to the church-door.

"'How late you are!' cried a young man, coming out to me from the building; 'your betrothed has fainted from anxiety; the priest is at his wit's end!'

"A wicked idea shot temptingly through my mind. Accustomed to the practical jokes of the regiment, I fancied I saw, in the error under which my interlocutor was evidently laboring, the possibility of a capital frolic.

"I jumped out of my sledge, and without replying, marched unhesitatingly into the church, which was lighted only by a single lamp.

"A young girl was seated on a bench, in a corner of the church, leaning back against the wall; a waiting-maid was kneeling beside her rubbing her temples with a handkerchief steeped in vinegar.

"'Oh, God be thankful!' exclaimed the servant, 'that you are come at last! But you have nearly killed my poor mistress by this delay!'

"The priest now approached me.

"'Sir,' said he, 'we have not an instant to lose; we may be surprised at any moment. Let us hasten to make up for lost time.'

"'But you see,' I replied, 'that the young lady is scarcely able to stand.'

"'Provided she can manage to say *yes*,'" returned the priest, 'that is all that is necessary.'

"There was still time for me to draw back; I had only to speak to show them their mistake. But the idea of having so original an adventure to boast of on my return to my regiment, was so tempting, that it prevailed over every other consideration. Besides, I never supposed for a moment, that I should have any difficulty in invalidating a marriage into which I had entered only as a jest.

"'Very well,' said I, 'let the ceremony begin, since you all think it best.'

"The bride had already been brought before the altar, where she was sustained by the aid of those about her, for she was unable to stand alone. I placed myself beside her, closely wrapped in my fur pelisse. The priest took his place at once, in front of us, and in a few seconds the rite was over.

"'Well, you are married at last! kiss, and off with you!' said the young man who had spoken to me at the entrance of the church.

"By no means reluctant to obey this invitation, I opened my arms to embrace my unknown and still half-fainting wife, but just as I took her in my arms, she turned toward me her face, of which I could see only its paleness, and fixing her eyes on me, she shrieked, in tones of horror that are still ringing in my ears,

"'Oh! it is not he!' and fainted away.

"The servant, the witnesses, and the priest sprang to her assistance; and while they were busy endeavoring to bring the poor woman back to consciousness, I rushed from the church, feeling too late the wickedness of the part I had played, sprang into the sledge, and ordering the driver to put his horses to their utmost speed, was out of sight before any one could follow me, or learn in what direction I had made my escape."

"Merciful Heaven," cried Maria Gabrielowna, who had not taken her eyes from those of the young officer during this narration, to which she had listened with blanched cheeks, and a convulsive shuddering that she seemed quite unable to control, "and have you never learned what became of your unhappy wife?"

"No," replied Bourmine. "I have never known even the name of the village in which the marriage took place. I could not even remember the name of the post station from which I had started on that unfortunate drive. And besides, not at first supposing myself to be in any way bound by a ceremony which, in reality, was not performed for me, I looked on the whole affair as a joke, and spoke of it as such to my comrades. It was not until one of my friends, more serious than myself, assured me that I was mistaken in supposing that this marriage was a mere pleasantry, and showed me that I was most certainly married for life, unless I could find out the young lady and induce her to join me in a demand for a divorce, that I comprehend the extent of the misery I had brought upon myself and the innocent victim of my culpable folly. I then exhausted every means that I could think of in the hope of discovering my wife, but in vain. But what is the matter with you, Maria? You look as though you were going to die," cried Bourmine in great alarm, as he caught the sinking form of Maria Gabrielowna in his arms.

"Unhappy man!" murmured Maria, faintly, as her head drooped upon his shoulder; "it was then you who caused me that terrible sorrow! Ah, if I had never found you again;—or if, finding you, I did not love you?"

It was now the Colonel's turn to grow pale, as he sank to his knees, with a cry half of remorse and half of ecstacy, imploring pardon and affection from his long-lost wife.

QUANTUM.

AURORA SILK.—A Greek poet speaks of a gossamer veil on a lady's breast as so light as to be "*air weaved*," and Shelley described a lady "garmented in light," who wore a veil of "*woven wind*." But Mr. Philosopher Merriam, of Brooklyn Heights, passes that. Speaking of the late Aurora, he says:

"The auroral light sometimes is composed of threads like the silken warp of a web; these sometimes become broken and fall to the earth, and possess exquisite softness and a silvery lustre, and I denominate these as the products of the silkery of the skies. *I once obtained a piece, which I preserved.*"

The Newark Advertiser expects to hear next that the Professor has a bundle of rays of light laid up in his cabinet, or that he has procured the tip end of the North Pole.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE VALUE OF HEBREW.—An eminent Parisian financier, of the Jewish faith, knew the secret of the recent armistice several days before it was actually concluded, and he was desirous of communicating intelligence of the coming event to the heads of his house at Berlin. But how was it to be done? The electric wire is by no means a safe confidant for a secret. The banker hit upon a device. He wrote a telegram, and concluded it in the following words: "Herr Scholem will shortly arrive." *Scholem* is a Hebrew word, signifying *Peace*. In the Berlin House, where the Hebrew language was understood, the true meaning of the announcement of Herr Scholem's expected arrival was readily interpreted.

GRASSHOPPERS OBSTRUCTING THE CARS.—Conductor Story, of the Rutland and Washington Railroad, says that while his train was going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, the engine ran into a flock of grasshoppers which stopped the train. Nobody was killed or wounded, but some five million grasshoppers lay dead on the track. After half an hour's shovelling of the dead and dying hoppers off the track, the train proceeded on to Rutland without any further difficulty.—*Rutland (Vt.) Courier.*

MISS MARY ANN EVANS, author of "Adam Bede," has already received from Messrs. Blackwood for that work upward of $20,000. She is engaged upon a new novel for the same publishers, which is said to be of a different character from any of her preceding works.—Her jibes at the Bishops and her general eulogy of dissenting clergymen, are said to agonize the senior Blackwood, who is a zealous churchman, and thinks the Archbishop of Canterbury the greatest creature on earth.

THE eccentric Englishman who joined Garibaldi's corps, from pure love of shooting at such high game as Austrians, always took out his memorandum book, and made a note on't, every time he brought down one of the enemy. The results of his season of shooting counted up twenty-five killed certainly, and ten more under the head of "uncertain." Among other recruits, Garibaldi had two Frenchmen, members of the Paris Jockey Club, five Americans, a few Germans, and one Chinaman.

THE New Jersey Opposition State Convention nominated Charles S. Olden for Governor. The American State Convention united in the nomination. Mr. Olden is an old Whig, and voted for Fillmore.

THE official result of the Oregon election is: Logan, Republican, 5,030; Stout, Democrat, 5,646—Stout's majority, 16. Total vote of the State, 11,276. Walla Walla precinct of Wasco county, which gave 24 for Stout, and 1 for Logan, was thrown out for irregularity in the manner of making the return.

THE State election in Vermont has been carried by the Republicans, by about the same majorities as last year. As far as heard from, 79 Republicans and 10 Democrats are elected to the Legislature.

THE celebrated horse Magna Charta changed owners last Saturday evening, the purchasers being F. V. Smith, S. N. Seely, H. C. Lewis, and James B. Cripben, all of Coldwater, Michigan. The price paid was $7,500; one instalment was handed over here, another to be made in Kalamazoo, and the balance when the horse is safely delivered in Coldwater.

MRS. HARRIET PORTER, a well-known spiritual medium, died on Sunday, at her residence in New York, of Consumption, which it is believed was brought on by her frequently going into the trance state. She was a native of Connecticut.

IT is reported that Gen. Changarnier would refuse to accept the French amnesty. Victor Hugo, in declining the amnesty, says—When liberty returns to France, he will return.

THE annual income of Mr. William Macdonald, the owner of Flora Temple, is said to be $80,000. It is considered the most valuable animal income in the world. Flora is said to be in her fourteenth year.

HEBER KIMBALL, one of the Mormon leaders, said in a recent speech:—"Speaking of thistles reminds me of a bright idea of Greeley's. He thought it would be a wise notion to sow Canada thistles all along the plains, between here and the States, to feed stock upon. Why that would kill all the cattle with the bloody murrain, and prick us to death. So much for Greeley's judgment. What a fruitful imagination he must have! He is the greatest liar on the face of the earth; why, bless your soul, he is the father of all liars. He will go to hell, and be the father of liars there. Amen.—["Amen" sounding throughout the congregation.]

THE MEXICAN TREATY NOT CONCLUDED.—*New Orleans, Sept. 8.*—Authentic information has been received that Minister McLane did not conclude the treaty with Mexico, and the matter still remains unsettled.

DOUBTFUL RUMOR OF WAR AT SAN JUAN ISLAND.—Yreka, Aug. 14.—A messenger, named Bennett, arrived this P. M. from Portland, with important dispatches from General Harney to General Clarke, about the difficulty at San Juan Island. Just as he was leaving Portland, a rumor was current that H. B. M. steamer Satellite had thrown shells upon San Juan Island, killing upwards of thirty Americans. This report is, as yet, a mere rumor; the messenger could get no positive information, as he left immediately upon the arrival of the dispatches from Gen. Harney to Gen. Clarke.

[It is possible that a messenger coming overland to Yreka might have brought to Yreka later news than we have from San Juan Island, but we do not give the least credence to the report of the breaking out of hostilities. The tone of our news was very decidedly pacific, and against that positive information there is nothing but a rumor at Yreka that a rumor had prevailed in Portland that the Satellite had bombarded the little American force at San Juan. We have only a rumor of a rumor; and we should scarcely publish the telegram if it were not for the curiosity which the public have for what lies, as well as for what truths may be current.—*Eds. Alta.*]

THE OCCUPATION OF SAN JUAN ISLANDS.—Our Victoria correspondent, says the Alta California writes us thus by the Forwood:

"I understand that Admiral Baines, of the Ganges Counsels, that no active steps shall be taken in the matter until advices are received from England. I shall keep you advised if anything further occurs.

PROGRESS IN RUSSIA.—The Invalide Russe has for some time been publishing articles which are remarkable for the boldness of their principles and language. In the last number is one which says:

The time at which sovereigns alone could make peace and decide the fate of nations has passed away. Humanity progresses, and nations are determined to be consulted on their fate. There was a time when Napoleon I. announced in the Moniteur that such or such a dynasty had ceased to reign, when he made one of his brothers, his cousins or his marshals ascend the throne, and when the people witnessed these dynastic changes with philosophic indifference, caring little at being treated like a flock of sheep by a clever speculator. The increase of general enlightenment has, however, since shown to each nation that by the side of the sacred rights of dynasties there are the rights of peoples, and that nations ought not to be sacrificed to the interests of an individual.

☞ "There is no great share of probity," says the Baron de Montesquieu, "necessary to support a monarchical or despotic government. The force of laws in one and the prince's arm in the other are sufficient to direct and maintain the whole. *But in a popular State one spring more is necessary, namely, virtue.*"

EUROPEAN NEWS.

COTTON ADVANCING—BREADSTUFFS DULL—RUSSIAN LOAN TAKEN.

ST. JOHNS, Sept. 10.—The Vanderbilt steamship Ocean Queen, Capt. Seabury, from Havre, via Cowes, passed Cape Race at 5 o'clock this (Saturday) morning, on her way to New York, where she will be due on Wednesday.

The Ocean Queen was boarded by the news yacht of the Associated Press, by which means the following summary of her news was obtained:

The American ship Ben Bolt, from Havana, bound to Falmouth, was wrecked at Brendoz on the 25th ult.

The whole amount of the Russian twelve-million loan had been subscribed, and the exchanges on St. Petersburg had in consequence fallen 3 per cent.

A Bavarian loan for the purpose of defraying the military expenses of the country had been issued at 98 1-2 per cent.

Nothing of importance had transpired in relation to the transactions of the Zurich Conference.

Advices from Athens report the dissolution of the Greek Chambers.

The latest intelligence from Sebastopol states that the operations upon the sunken fleet were proceeding rapidly and successfully. Only 23 vessels remained to be raised or destroyed, and the existing contract with the American Company does not expire till May next. The Twelve Apostles, the largest vessel sunk in the harbor, is to be raised, if possible, and the attempt was soon to be made.

The choice of M. Joseph Poniatowski by the French government for, it is said, a special mission to Florence, has excited some surprise in Paris, and no doubt in Tuscany. According to the best credited reports, he is employed to do what M. Reiset, it is feared, has done imperfectly, if not altogether failed in—the restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He is a near connection of M. Walewski, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, and has the additional advantage of being a firstrate singer. Indeed, as an amateur vocalist, he is said to have few rivals, if any, among the exalted body (the French Senate) of which he is a member.

Sardinia refuses to accept, even provisionally, the annexation of the Duchies, without consulting the other Powers, particularly France. The Italians still maintain a firm attitude in relation to their national independence.

The Queen of England was about to visit Scotland. She had determined on making the journey during the night, at a uniform rate of speed of 40 miles an hour.

The potato blight is said to be making considerable ravages in certain parts of Ireland.

A trotting race had come off near Liverpool, which was won by an English horse named "Daw." The American horses "Jack Rossiter," "Mountain Boy," and "Dreadnought," had obtained the second, third and fourth places in a field of seven horses.

Mr. Ten Broeck's two-year old "Umpire" has won two more races at Stockton.

The Paris *Patrie*, having uttered strong anti-Austrian sentiments, has, in pursuance of official orders, informed its readers that it does not receive its inspiration from the Government, but has expressed its own views only.

The Paris correspondent of the London Advertiser says that engineers have been sent to survey the whole line of the coast between Boulogne and Calais, to fix upon a spot for a seaport sufficient to contain a fleet of fifty transports, and the Minister of Marine has notified his subalterns that fifty transports, each being capable of containing two thousand men, must be ready off Dover by the commencement of the ensuing year. The writer also says that a full confirmation of this new order has been telegraphed to the English Government. He conjectures that the altercation with Belgium will supply the pretext for a rupture with England. This whole story is regarded as a *canard*.

The French camp at St. Maur has been broken up.

The question of Free Trade will receive due consideration at the approaching Councils of the Departments.

The Liberals of France are disappointed at the number of eminent men declining to accept the amnesty. Their presence in France, it is contended, would be advantageous to the cause of liberty.

The King of Sardinia, in returning thanks for a medal presented to him by a private society, said that his efforts were always concentrated for the great national cause; that he lived for it, and was ready to die for it; that, though difficulties and misfortunes arise, they must, and certainly will be, surmounted.

The London Times strongly urges the Tuscans to be prepared for the result of Austrian aggression, even if they have to fight.

A number of distinguished Venetians have been sent as Representatives to Foreign Powers, and have issued a long address, saying that the conduct of Austria has not changed since the peace.

It is thought that the Belgian Senate will reject the bill providing for the fortification of Antwerp.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday evening, Aug. 31.—The market closed firm, with an advancing tendency, and in some cases prices were 1-16d ₱ lb. higher. Middling Orleans was quoted at 7 1-16d, and middling Uplands 6 13-16d.

State of Trade.—The Manchester market was firmer, and in some cases prices for goods were slightly higher.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The market closed very dull. Messrs. Richardson, Spence, & Co. state that the weather had been stormy and unfavorable for the crops, but the harvest was almost over. Flour was very dull and prices easier, but the quotations were not changed. American Flour 10@12s ₱ cental. Wheat continues very dull; red 7s 6d@9s, white 9s@9s 6d. Corn steady; mixed and yellow 5s 6d@5s 9d, white 7s@7s 6d.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.—The Provision market has a declining tendency. Beef was heavy and nominal. Bacon dull and nominally unchanged. Lard quiet but steady. Tallow slow of sale, but prices are unaltered. Butchers' tallow 55s.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET.—Rosin was steady, at 3s 9d@3s 10d for common. Sugar steady. Rice quiet. Coffee quiet. Ashes dull, at 27s@28 6d. Spirits Turpentine steady, at 34s 6d. In Quercitron Bark the sales have been unimportant.

London Markets—Wednesday evening.—Wheat and Flour dull. Tea unchanged. Sugar and Rice heavy. Coffee quiet. Tallow firm.

PUNSHON AND BARNUM.—It seems that Barnum has been making an offer to Punshon, the celebrated Wesleyan preacher in England. Referring to this, the English correspondent of the Southern Advocate says:

"Strange as it may appear, your American Barnum has made Mr. Punshon a serious offer of £2,000 a year to accompany him to America and give lectures under Barnum's direction and supervision. No one but Barnum would have the impudence to have made an approach to Mr. Punshon of such an unhallowed kind. Mr. Punshon's reply consisted simply in writing Acts 13: 10, and sending it to Mr. Barnum. 'Oh, full of subtilty and mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?'"

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 159—Adults 56, and children 103.

☞ People often say of a man that he is a cunning fellow. This can never be true, for, if he were, nobody could find it out.

☞ What good it does to a man, throughout life, to meet kindness and generosity in his youth!—*Bulwer Lytton.*

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead."
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah, they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away,
The rosebud and its freight of clay.
But I know that darling hopes were hid
Beneath that tiny coffin-lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
I knew that burning tears were hid,
"'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;"
And I knew her lip, and cheek and brow,
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plumes and tassels blue;
And an empty crib with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but, oh! beware!
For world-wide hopes are buried there.
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with an only boy!

NAPOLEON III.
AND THE CHESHIRE SQUIRE.

FROM THE LIVERPOOL JOURNAL, JULY 23.

His present Majesty of France has been made the hero of many stories that have their only foundation for truth in the lively imagination of their authors. The following anecdote in the life of that remarkable man we can vouch for as entirely authentic. It was communicated to us by a gentleman in whose veracity we can place implicit confidence. He was himself acquainted with the individual who figures as a character in the story.

Many years ago, when Louis Napoleon was a mere lodger in St. James street, London, he was invited as a guest to the hospitable mansion of the late Sir John Gerrard, a few miles from this town. During that time he joined in all the sports and pleasures common to country gentlemen, and in which the late Sir John was distinguished. On one occasion he joined the Cheshire hunt, and being an excellent rider, he is said to have appeared to great advantage in the field. But pleasure wearies like labor, and ere the day's sport had closed, the distinguished horseman was found lagging far behind the hounds by Squire ———. So wrapped up was he in deep meditation, that he did not notice the Squire's approach until their horses were abreast, when they cordially saluted each other. "Your Highness," said the Squire, "looks tired." "Not with the sport, good sir," replied the Prince, "but of my life." The Squire looked up surprised, but a glance at that strange and sad countenance, which is remarkable in the Emperor, convinced him that the Prince was serious. "You are young to be so melancholy," observed the Squire. His companion smiled, remarking, "Short as my life has been, fortune has dealt strangely with me, sir." "Why, Prince," said the Squire, "never heed the jade." His highness merely shook his head, and said, "Nay, sir, none of us can escape our fate." "Your Highness surely does not believe that superstition?" was the Squire's exclamation. "Call it what you will, sir," replied the Prince, "it is a religion to me."

After a long pause the Squire said, "Every man has a right to his own opinion—none more so, than your Highness." The Prince raised his hat, remarking, "Sir, you flatter me." "Now, I have heard it said," observed the Squire, "that fatalists (stealing a cautious glance at the impenetrable face before him,) have an immense advantage over ordinary men by anticipating their future in this world." The Prince's face became lit up with sudden animation, as he answered, "Sir, were I as confident of Heaven, as I am of what I shall be, I would not—" The Squire's merry laugh cut short the Prince's speech, as he roguishly exclaimed, "Ah, ah; this is the advantage the followers of your religion labor under. Your state hereafter is as much a mystery to you as our earthly existence is to us poor devils." The Prince good-naturedly joined in the laugh himself, but soon relapsed into his melancholy mood again. The Squire was too interested in the subject to let it drop. He said, "I should be afraid to think, then, that the future disquiets you." "It is even so, good sir; though, to a vulgar mind, it would seem as brilliant as could be," was the reply of the Prince. "What is that, your Highness?" asked the Squire, now all attention. Reining in his horse, and looking steadily in the Squire's fine open English countenance, the Prince replied with much emphasis, "Nothing less, sir, than the imperial purple of France." The Squire's first impulse was to laugh; but there was something so indescribable about the strange man at his side, that he felt a mysterious influence creep over him, and for some time his tongue refused its office. He, however, ventured once more to address the Prince, but in a more deferential manner than he had been accustomed to use. "So great a station as the one you mention, your Highness, would compensate most men for 'all the ills that flesh is heir to.'" "Sir," replied the Prince, with warmth, "the majority of mankind are mere *canaille*; great men are monsters because they are giants in the midst of pigmies. As Emperor of France, I have a destiny to fulfill. Contemporaries may call me cruel, false, a tyrant; but I work for posterity, and by that will be judged." "Your Highness is right," answered the Squire; "the responsibility of such an office would make a man of your Highness's intellect serious; but in the meantime, why be sad?" "Sir," replied the Prince, "I am but mortal, and must vegetate like my fellows."

The Squire looked up in doubt, remarking, "I don't exactly comprehend your Highness." "Sir," said the Prince, with an effort to smile, "will it not turn history to romance, when it is written that Napoleon the Third experienced the pangs of poverty?" The Squire looked up again with still more surprise, and hesitatingly said, "I fear to be impertinent, but you astonish me. If it should be merely for temporary assistance, your Highness can command me." "Sir," exclaimed the Prince, grasping the Squire's hand, "you are a gentleman, and your delicacy does you honor. I would ask a favor, though it may be at the expense of my own feelings." "Your Highness has only to tell me how I can be of assistance, and there is an end of the matter, and no obligation." In a few words the Prince told him how he was pushed for money, the victim of his creditors, his misery and his wants. A cheque of £100 immediately changed hands; and then the Prince, writing out a receipt on the fly leaf of his pocketbook, handed it to the Squire, saying, "I have an absent mind, good sir, and may forget this transaction; let this be a memorandum, and when you come to Paris, call at the Tuileries, and the debt I owe you shall be discharged—though before that I hope the obligation may not exist. My gratitude may not repay you; yet if you think the respect of Napoleon III. of any value, you have it, sir, from my heart." "No more, I beg your Highness," said the Squire, "but I will keep the memorandum; and you may depend upon it, I shall most certainly call at the Tuileries, for, Prince, I am not a convert, you know." By this time they had reached the door of Sir William Stanley's house, where the hunt had already assembled; and in the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" which followed, the Squire did not forget the extraordinary rencontre of the morning, and it was only the gray dawn of the following day that chased the recollection of it from his pillow.

Great events had occurred since the memorable incident we have been describing. Revolution had once again burst out in Paris, and from the chaos that ensued the follower of the Cheshire hounds had become the Emperor of France. Squire ——— had never forgotten the meeting with the "man of destiny," on whom all eyes were now turned. During all the long years that had elapsed since that occasion the Squire never heard from the Prince. He supposed that in the whirlwind of politics and government, the Prince had failed to remember even the knowledge of his existence; but a strange impulse, over which he had no control, and for which he could not account, prompted him to seek once again the present occupier of the Tuileries, and he determined to set out for Paris without delay. He arrived in that gay capital, one summer's morning, and after a substantial breakfast at Meurice's Hotel, he took his way to the palace, where he left his card and his address with an aide-de-camp, who was on duty in the vestibule. He had not long got back to his apartments when a knock came to the door, and an orderly officer walked in. He said that he was requested by the Emperor, to present his compliments to Monsieur, and to request that he would return with him to the Tuileries. A carriage at the door, would convey Monsieur without inconvenience. The fact of an arrival of a member of the Emperor's household at Meurice's Hotel, had created quite a sensation among the inmates of that very pleasant establishment, and when Squire ——— and his military friend descended the stair-case, they were the objects of general attention and numerous inquiries. Another crowd awaited them at the door, when they drove off amid the applause of the curious multitude. Squire ——— felt himself becoming very nervous.

On they rattled through the streets, every one turning round or standing to gaze at them, and it was not long before they arrived at the gates of the palace, and were ascending the grand staircase. Squire ——— felt himself becoming still more nervous, and when the folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, he had some difficulty in maintaining his equilibrinm. The room was filled with numerous personages, including many military officers. The Squire gazed timidly round the apartments, but nowhere could he see his old friend of the Cheshire hunt. At last the crowd gradually opened, and from the midst of gay and handsome uniforms, the Emperor advanced and came straight up to where the Squire was standing; and seeing that he hesitated to take his hands, he grasped his with both, and shook them warmly. All eyes were now turned on the trembling Squire, which only added to his perplexity. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, turning to his suite, "allow me to introduce to your notice Monsieur ———, a very old friend of mine, when your Emperor stood in need of friends." Every one now moved towards them, and when the Squire was presented severally to Field Marshal That, Count This, and General So and So, the climax of his position had arrived, and had it not been for the support of the arm of the Emperor, who was leading him up the salon, he must certainly have measured his length on the polished floor. After making the tour of the room, the Emperor dismissed his attendants, and led his friend the Squire to his private cabinet. Here the memories of days gone past were revived, and in the affable and pleasant conversation of the Emperor, Squire ——— forgot his embarrassment, and was himself again. At length he rose to take his leave. "By-the-by," said the Emperor, "where are you staying?" The Squire gave his address, and the Emperor rang the bell, which was quickly answered by a magnificent specimen of the plush family, who was ordered to send for Monsieur's things, and prepare a room for him in the palace. The Squire looked aghast and said he could not think of such a thing. "My dear sir," said the Emperor, "you must oblige me in this instance—it is the only way I have of returning the many favors I received while in England."

Again the Squire expostulated, but the Emperor would take no denial, and the Squire was shown to his apartment. For three weeks did he occupy the same, and during the whole of this time the Squire has been heard to say it was a whirlwind of pleasure. What with the banquets, the balls, reviews, and all the other devices of luxurious courts, the Squire was beginning to forget all his old friends in England, and even the geographical situation of that island. But business must be attended to, and one day the Squire mentioned to the Emperor that he "really must get back." "Nonsense," said his Majesty, "pray don't entertain the idea for an instant." "Your Majesty overwhelms me with kindness, but I really must go home," replied the Squire. Of course the Emperor would not insist upon his remaining, if business was in the way, but, said he, laughing, "Mind you, it is only temporary leave of absence." During the whole of these pleasant three weeks, not a word had been spoken about the £100 the Squire had lent his imperial friend; but on the morning of his departure the comptroller of the royal household called him into his bureau, and said he had directions from the Emperor to hand Monsieur a cheque. The Squire looked up surprised, for he had entirely forgotten the transaction. But there was the cheque for the veritable amount, dated from that memorable day of the Cheshire hunt to the present time. The moment of departure came, and the Emperor, taking him by the arm, led the Squire to the carriage himself. Before driving off, his Majesty put his head in at the window, and said, "I think I once told you that I believed in my destiny; you smiled then, but who is in the right now?" "Well, 'pon my soul," replied the Squire, his honest face lighted up with smiles, "seeing is believing."

JEFFERSON'S WEDDING AND HIS
WEDDING NIGHT.

The following pleasing picture is from the Early Days of Jefferson, in the New York Century:

"Belinda" (Jefferson's first love) had been married many years, and her old admirer was approaching thirty, when he met with a young lady of twenty-two, who produced a strong impression upon him. She was a little above the medium height, slender, but elegantly formed. A fair complexion, with a delicate tint of the rose; large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling; and luxuriant hair of a rich, soft auburn, formed a combination of attractions which were eminently calculated to move the heart of a youthful bachelor. In addition to all this, the lady was admirably graceful; she rode, danced and moved with elegant ease, and sang and played on the harpsichord very sweetly. Add still to these accomplishments the possession of excellent good sense, very considerable cultivation, a warm, loving heart, and last, though not least, notable talents for housekeeping, and it will not be difficult to understand how the youthful Mr. Jefferson came to visit very frequently at the lady's residence, in the county of Charles City. It was called "The Forest," and the name of the lady was Mrs. Martha Skelton. She was a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and had married in her seventeenth year, Mr. Bathurst Skelton, who, dying in 1768, left his young wife a widow at nineteen. As the three years of mourning began to expire, the beautiful young lady found herself besieged at "The Forest" by numerous visitors. Of these, three were favorites with the fair Mrs. Skelton, of whom Mr. Thomas Jefferson was one. The tradition runs that the pretensions of the rivals were decided, either by the musical accomplishments of the young counsellor, or by the fears of his opponents. The tale is differently related. One version is, that the two unfortunate gentlemen encountered each other on Mrs. Skelton's door-step, but hearing Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice accompanying the lady in a pathetic song, gave up the contest thenceforth and retired without entering, convinced that the affair was beyond their control.

The other story is, that all three met at the door, and agreed that they would take their turns. Mr. Jefferson entered first, and the tones of the lady in singing with her companion deprived the listeners of all hope. However this may be, it is certain that the beautiful widow consented to become Mrs. Jefferson; and on the first day of January, 1772, there was a great festival at "The Forest." Friends and kindred assembled from far and near—there was frolicking and dancing after the abundant old fashion—and we find from the bridegroom's note-book that the servants and fiddlers received fees from his especial pocket. It snowed without, but within all was mirth and enjoyment, in the light and warmth of the great log-fires, roaring in honor of the occasion. Soon after the performance of the ceremony, the bridegroom and his bride set out in their carriage for "Monticello," where Mr. Jefferson had commenced building in 1769, just before the destruction, by fire, of his patrimonial house of "Shadwell." The journey was not to end without adventures. As they advanced toward the mountains, the snow increased in depth, and finally they were compelled to leave the carriage and proceed on their way on horseback. Stopping to rest at "Blenheim," the seat of Col. Carter, where he found, however, no one but an overseer, they left at sunset, resolutely bent on reaching Monticello before night. It was eight miles distant, and the road, which was rather a mountain bridle path than an honest highway, was encumbered with snow three feet deep. We may fancy the sensations of the newly wedded bride at the chill appearance of the desolate landscape, as she passed along through the snow; but she was a woman of courage, and good sense, and did not care for inconvenience.

It was late when they arrived, and a cheerless reception awaited them—or, rather, there was no reception at all. The fires were all out, the servants had gone to bed, and the place was as dark and silent as the grave. Conducting his wife to the little pavilion, which was the only part of the house habitable at the time, Mr. Jefferson proceeded to do the honors. On a shelf behind some books, part of a bottle of wine was discovered; and this formed the supper of the bridegroom and the bride. Far from being annoyed or discomfited by their reception, however, it only served for a topic of jest and laughter. The young lady was as merry and light-hearted as a bird, and sent her clear voice ringing through the dreary little pavilion as gaily as she had ever done in the cheerful drawing-room of "The Forest." Thus the long hours of the winter night fled away like minutes, winged with laughter, merriment and song. The vigil was a mirthful incident rather than a trial of their equanimity. They were young—and they had just been married. When hands are clasped, and hearts beat close together, there is very little gloom in darkness, and winter nights are not cold. This little moral sentiment will not, I hope, be criticised as too romantic for the "dignity of history."—It doubtless explains how a young lady and gentleman, both used to every comfort and luxury, found the gloomy little pavilion in the midst of three feet of snow, neither dark nor cold on that January night long ago.

BURLING, THE NEW YORK DUN.

Ten years ago I was seated in my office at No. 12 Wall street, busily driving the quill, when I heard a quiet step behind and then a mild voice inquiring if I had the transcript of a certain judgment against one J. G. O.—the projector of the great Peg-ghe-wah-wah Company for selling Indian Medicines. I looked up and saw a man whose twisted foot and palsied arm were quite familiar to me, but of whose name or calling I knew nothing.

"Yes," I replied, "I have the transcript."

"Well, I want it," he said, "I'm going to collect it for the creditor."

"Going to collect it!" I exclaimed, "Why, the judgment is perfectly worthless. Executions, and proceeding after judgment, and all ordinary means of grace, have long ago been exhausted upon O. He is hopelessly insolvent, and is, besides, the most adroit scamp of a swindler I ever encountered."

"What's that to me?" broke out the visitor, in a gruff, strong voice, quite different from his first tones. "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I'm Burling, the man about town. You a lawyer, and not know me! Sheriffs are good for nothing; executions and creditors' bills are good for nothing. Give me the transcript—here's the order for it—I'll take the money out of him."

I swiveled around my chair and stared at the man. "And will you be so good, Mr. Burling," I asked, "as to tell me what is your patent plan for superseding officers and writs, and for squeezing blood out of turnips, and cash out of the President of the Peg-ghe-wah-wah Company?"

"How I do it? you mean. Why I dun 'em at their houses, I dun 'em in the street, I dun 'em at the theatre, I dun 'em in church, I catch 'em early in the morning and stick to 'em all day; follow 'em up wherever they go; go to meals and eat with 'em; go to bed and sleep with 'em; give 'em no peace night nor day, Sunday nor week day, stick to 'em like death to a dead nigger. A man owes a debt. He won't pay it. I follow him up all the week so he can't do any business, nor go to see his sweetheart, nor walk in Broadway, nor eat with any appetite, nor sleep without dreaming I'm after him with the devil to help run him down. All this won't do? Very well. When he goes to church, Sunday, he finds me in his pew. (Your sheriffs can't work Sundays—I do my best business then.) The congregation rise, and he rises, takes out his book, opens at the place, and there he finds the bill I've stuck there, and gets so mad he can't say amen."

"Sheriffs and constables," continued he, getting loud and fierce, "will a sheriff go of a Sunday morning to a parson's house and follow him to church and walk up the broad aisle with him before all the congregation, and go up the pulpit stairs close to his heels, and slip into the pulpit after him before he can shut the door, and take a seat by his side and get up when he gets up, and when he opens the Bible, open John Jones' bill full length, and lay it down over the chapter and verse, and tell him: *There's that bill of horse hire; pay it before you preach!* But, that's what I did—and I got my money, too."

"And what commission did you charge?"

"Fifty per cent."

"Rather strong," I suggested, "but still your mode of procedure was strong. Do you often get as much as fifty per cent?"

"When I earn it, I get it. Dr. C., of Broadway, sent me to dun a fellow who lived back in a yard and kept two bull dogs that he let loose when anybody came to collect honest debts. I went to him with a horse-pistol in each hand and Dr. C.'s bill in my teeth, and made him pay up. What did Dr. C. offer me for getting his sixty dollars? he offered me one dollar. I won't take it says I. I'll pay no more says he. Pay me thirty dollars, says I. Get out of my office, or I'll kick you out, says he. Pay me thirty dollars, says I. Clear out, says he, and he kicked me out of his door and down the steps into Broadway. I goes across to the ——— hotel and hires a great arm-chair out of the bar-room, and takes it across the street and plants it on the curb-stone right opposite Dr. C.'s office-door, and I lays the bill I had made out on a full sheet of foolscap across my knees, hanging down so everybody that went by could read in large, black, sanded letters:

Doctor C———

To J. Burling, Dr.

For collecting of Richard Roe:

Commission - - - - - - $30 00

And all the crowd kept stopping to read, so that there was all the while two or three hundred people standing on the doctor's pavement, and reading first my bill and then his sign, and making their jokes. I had hired the chair for the whole afternoon, but he hadn't stood this more than fifteen minutes before he comes to the door, and says, 'Come here, you rascal,' and I went in and took thirty dollars of his money, and left the bill receipted."

"But, my friend, don't your impudent ways often get you into scrapes? are you not afraid that some one will some day break your head?"

"Break whose head?" he thundered; "didn't Colonel S———, of New Orleans, a man that's killed several men in duels, when I went to dun him at the Astor House—didn't he grab me by my breeches, and hold me out of the fifth story window, and shake me there above the pavement and say, shall I let you fall and break your neck on the stones, or take you in and kick you down stairs?"

"Well," said I, anxiously, "what did you do, then?"

"What did I do? I said, pay me that money! and didn't he pull me in and pay every cent?"

The intensity of his manner, as he thus related his exploits, cannot be rendered on paper—especially when he exclaimed with closed teeth and the fingers of his round hand clenched—"*pay me that money!*"

He took the transcript and limped out. In another day the hapless debtor, and overmatch for all the regular thumb-screws of the law, came in to beg piteously I would call off the blood-hound. I told him it was the creditor's affair, not mine. Next day I met Burling at the corner of Cortland street, looking mild and happy, and asked him how he succeeded.

"I haven't got it yet," was the reply.—"He hasn't found me out, but he has just paid me five dollars to let him dine at the hotel, down there, without my company.—We've taken all our meals together for the past two days, and he began to find his appetite fail."

Whether the $5 was credited on the judgment, or pocketed as a personal perquisite, I never knew.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—Her enormous size is best comprehended by walking her deck from end to end. Down below she is divided into so many compartments that you lose all realization of her length, and seem passing through perpetual sections of hotel coffee-rooms. Her berths and sleeping apartments generally are excellent, those of the better class really superb, combing comfort with luxury; but there are some amidships with no portholes and no connection with the outer atmosphere, simply lighted by a skylight or a reflected glimmer from another window, that do not promise much "comfort in a storm." A noteworthy fact is that the ship (!) nearest in size to this monster, arrived in England from America about thirty years ago. She was called the Baron of Renfrew, was six hundred feet long, and was composed of large logs of timber clamped together in the roughest manner. It was predicted that she never would steer, never would cross the Atlantic, but she did, and immediately on her arrival was broken up. Indeed she was nothing more than imported timber, having been patched together to avoid the timber duties, which then were exceedingly heavy. She fulfilled her mission in every way, but the Government was down upon the new dodge, and prevented any repetition of the experiment.

Wit and Humor.

DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.

"Coleridge," says De Quincy, "told me a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing; accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, while he stood shivering with the cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them:

"Hear me, men? Take notice to this, I am to be dipped—"

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea bathing machines; for having reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such a rolling fire of di-di-di-di, that when at length he descended a *plomb* upon the fell word *dipped*, the two men rather tired of the suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative clause of the sentence," and both exclaiming at once—

"Oh, yes, sir, we are quite aware of that," down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold, that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from the necessity he seemed tranquil, and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus:

"Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?"

"Oh, surely, sir, by all means."

"Then listen; once more I tell you I am to be di-di-di"—and then with a burst of indignation, "dipped, I tell you—"

"Oh, decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went a second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at explanation.

"Grant me patience; is it mum-um-murder you me-me-mean? Again and a-ga-gain I tell you I'm to be di-di-dipped"—now speaking seriously with the voice of an injured man.

"Oh, yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understand it;" and, for the third time down went Lamb into the sea.

"Oh, limbs of Satan!" he said, on coming up for the third time, "it is now too late. I am—am, but I *was*, to be di-di-di-dipped only *once*."

CAN'T DANCE IN MI.—A dancer who, in Italy, had risen to the very clouds, came to make his debut in Paris. He demands the introduction, in the ballet in which he is to appear, of a *pas* which was worth avalanches of flowers to him at Milan and at Naples. They comply. The general rehearsal comes; but this dance turns, for one reason or another, had been copied a tone higher than in the original score.

They commence; the dancer bounds up to the sky, pitches about an instant, then descending to the earth: "In what key are you playing, gentlemen?" says he, suspending for a while his flight. "It seems to me that my piece fatigues me more than usual."

"We are playing in *mi*."

"My astonishment is gone. Please to transpose this Allegro and make it one tone lower; *I can only dance it in re*."—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

BADLY OFF.—A New York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck "out West;" and hearing he was becoming "well-to-do," sent their claim on to a Western lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually laid any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise: "Gents—You will never get any spondulic from Bill Johnson. The undersigned called upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile; his feet upon the naked earth; and not clothes enough upon him to *wad a gun!*"

A MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO KEEP
A HOTEL.

A man may be a first-rate fellow, as Matt Peel used to say, and yet not know how to keep a hotel. If ability in hotel-keeping be a test of a good fellow, there is one man for whom we can vouch as all sorts of a good fellow. He keeps a hotel, or country tavern, if you will, away up in the interior of Arkansas somewhere. The way we happened to hear of him was this:

Several weeks ago, two well-known gentlemen of this city went travelling for their health, and concluded to try the famous Hot Springs of old "Rackensack." There being neither river, railroad nor canal to take a body to the Springs, our travellers hired horses to ride in that manner to their destination. They unluckily did not follow the right road, or else there was no right road to follow; at any rate, they got lost, and after a fatiguing day's ride, through a barren and inhospitable wilderness, they came to a neat little building, standing alone in the woods, with farming appendages around. Our travellers halted and hallooed. A great, tall, raw-boned giant of a fellow stepped out.

"Can we get lodgings here to-night?" asked one of the horsemen.

"Well, gentlemen, I reckon ye kin," said the big one, "and welkim to boot. This is a hotel."

The travellers, although they did not like the cut of the landlord's jib, dismounted, were relieved of their horses, and were soon regaling themselves over a good country supper of corn-dodgers, bacon, milk, fried chickens and coffee. It was a regular country supper, and with their whetted appetites, our invalids enjoyed it amazingly.

After supper the gigantic landlord sat on the porch with them, talking, laughing, cracking jokes, and treating occasionally to some good old rye, of which he appeared to have a plentiful stock. The invalids set him down for a regular "brick," and were still better pleased when lighted at last to nice soft feather beds with the whitest of sheets."

"I tell you what it is, Bill," said Tom, as they were sinking gently into the embraces of Somnus, "this fellow keeps a nice place, if it is out here in the woods."

"That's a fact," replied Bill, "and I suppose it's a cheap place, too; but I like it, and I'm willing to pay the full city figure on it."

Next morning our travellers were aroused by their ugly but affable landlord, and regaled with a breakfast, if possible, still more appetizing than the last night's work had been.—The horses were brought round, and it was evident that they, too, had been well cared for. One of the travellers pulled out his wallet, and said to the big entertainer:

"Well, landlord, you keep a first-rate little hotel out here; better than we expected to find. We are much pleased with it, and now want to know what the damage is."

The landlord drew himself up, and putting on a very solemn look, said:

"Gentlemen, I'm pleased to hear yer satisfied. The bill is two hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"How much did you say, sir?" asked the travellers, both starting.

The big one drew himself up a little higher, looking still more solemn, and replied distinctly and emphatically:

"Two hundred and seventy-five dollars, gentlemen."

"Do I hear you right, sir? do you really mean to charge us two hundred and seventy-five dollars for two meals and lodging and horse-feed?"

"Gentlemen," said the landlord, with the most alarming *sang froid*, "that's no mistake. Two hundred and seventy-five dollars is the bill."

The invalids got scared. They did not feel strong enough to fight; and if they had, could never have hoped to make anything out of the ungainly giant who stood so composedly before them. Without saying another word, the traveller with the wallet squeezed it, and peeled its different pockets, and succeeded in handing over the full amount required. The landlord thanked his guests politely, and hoped if they should ever pass that way again, that they would give him a call.

The travellers were now on their horses, and prepared to renew their solitary ride. Before getting far off, however, the traveller who had so disgorged, turned in his saddle and hailed the landlord:

"I say, landlord," he shouted, "before I go, I'd just like to ask you a question—a civil question—which you can't take offence at."

"Fire ahead, gentlemen," was the answer; "ye've paid yer bill, and yer welkim to ask anythin', without offence."

"Well, how in the name of Heaven did you come to charge us two hundred and seventy-five dollars for one night's accommodation, not worth more than five or six dollars at the outside?"

"Certainly, gentlemen, I'll tell yer, and welkim. Yer see I keep hotel; and sometimes I has customers, and sometimes I hasn't. When I hasn't, I has to charge accordin', and as you are the first customers I've had nigh well on to a year, yer bill was a little bigger'n it mout ha' bin otherwise. The hotel has to be kep' up, gentlemen, and when customers is scarce I has to charge accordin'."

"Good morning, landlord," said both the travellers, and they rode off satisfied.

They didn't go on to the Springs, however. They took the back track for the river, and returned to this city for more money, the big hotel-keeper having pretty well cleaned them. Re-supplied with funds, they are now off to the Virginia Springs; being unwilling to trust themselves again among the hotels of Arkansas interior.

They declare, though, that the big landlord who fleeced them was a capital fellow—all sorts of a fellow—and *knows how to keep a hotel* into the bargain.

☞ If bread could be procured as easily as water, men would be more likely to become brutes for the want of something to do than philosophers from the possession of leisure.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, brooklet, oh, brooklet,
I gaze on thee and sigh,
As onward, ever onward,
Thy waters ripple by.

Hither they glide from the distance,
They kiss my feet and go;
Then onward, ever onward,
Away through distance flow.

The wind is asleep in the willow,
And from the horizon round
The mist of evening gathers—
A sorrow without a sound.

All voices are hushed, save thy murmur,
Thou little babbling rill!
And onward, ever onward,
Thy waters ripple still.

Under thy waves, oh, brooklet,
A heart must laugh and sob,—
Else why should mine own, so friend-like,
Thus, to thy throbbing, throb?

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEA STILL RISES.

Haggard Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week, in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both, there were several knots of loungers, squalid and miserable, but now with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the wretchedest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in myself; but do you know how easy it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to destroy life in you?" Every lean bare arm, that had been without work before, had his work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into this for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already earned the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, everywhere!" said madame again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a background of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How, then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does everybody here recall old Foulon, who told the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died, and went to Hell?"

"Everybody!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hotel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more than threescore years and ten, if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had flown together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible, in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another, and themselves, to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon, taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then, a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, Foulon alive! Foulon, who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon, who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon, who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! Oh, Mother of God, this Foulon! Oh, Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father! I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries, numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends, until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hotel de Ville, and might be loosed. Never, if Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even these last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at no great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!"

Madame put her knife under her arm, and clapped her hands as at a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction, to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvellous quickness, at a distance; the more readily because certain men who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside of the building.

At length, the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long, went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly, to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but followed and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, and the men at the windows had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy; now, full of vehement agony of action, with a small, clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might have done to a mouse—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made ready, and while he besought her; the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him killed with grass in his mouth. Once, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was merciful and held him, and his head was soon upon a pike, with grass enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of.

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced his angry blood up, that it boiled again, on hearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the despatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wrote his crimes on flaring sheets of paper, seized him—would have torn him out of the breast of an army to bear Foulon company—set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day, in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, wailing and breadless. Then, the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting to buy bad bread; and while they waited with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually, these strings of ragged people shortened and frayed away; and then poor lights began to shine in high windows, and slender fires were made in the streets, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterwards supping at their doors.

Scanty and insufficient suppers these, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet, human fellowship infused some nourishment into the flinty viands, and struck some sparks of cheerfulness out of them. Fathers and mothers who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children; and lovers, with such a world around them and before them, loved and hoped.

It was almost morning, when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame, his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"Eh, well!" returned madame. "Almost!"

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept; even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine, that blood and hurry had not changed. The Vengeance, as custodian of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastille fell, or old Foulon was seized; not so with the hoarse tones of the men and women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRE RISES.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for patches to hold his poor ignorant soul and his poor reduced body, together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were soldiers to guard it, but not many; there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them knew what his men would do—beyond this: that it would probably not be what he was ordered.

Far and wide, lay a ruined country, yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and blade of grain, was as shrivelled and poor as the miserable people.—Everything was bowed down, dejected, oppressed and broken. Habitations, fences, domesticated animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them—all worn out.

Monseigneur (often a most worthy individual gentleman) was a national blessing, gave a chivalrous tone to things, was a polite example of luxurious and shining life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless, Monseigneur, as a class, had, somehow or other brought things to this. Strange that Creation, designed expressly for Monseigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements, surely! Thus it was, however; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flints, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monseigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by, Monseigneur had squeezed it and wrung it, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase—now, found in hunting the people; now, found in hunting the beasts, for whose preservation Monseigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste, chiselled, and otherwise beautified and beautifying features of Monseigneur.

For, in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was and to dust he must return, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for supper and how much more he would eat if he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely labor and viewed the prospect, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced, the mender of roads would discern without surprise, that it was a shaggy-haired man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, rough, swart, steeped in mud and dust of many highways, dank with the marshy moisture of many low grounds, sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many byways through woods.

Such a man came upon him, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, looked at the village in the hollow, at the mill, and at the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what benighted mind he had, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, Jacques."

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

"No dinner?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the fashion," growled the man. "I meet no dinner anywhere."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it with flint and steel, pulled at it until it was in a bright glow; then, suddenly held it from him and dropped something into it from between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Touch then." It was the turn of the mender of roads to say it this time, after observing these operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe in his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hail driving in between them like a pigmy charge of bayonets, until the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveller then, moving to the brow of the hill.

"See!" returned the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the street, and past the fountain—"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eye over the landscape. "*I* go through no streets and past no fountains. Well?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you cease to work?"

"At sunset."

"Will you wake me, before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The wayfarer smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plied his dusty labor, and the hail-clouds, rolling away, revealed bright bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man (who wore a red cap now, in place of his blue one) seemed fascinated by the figure on the heap of stones. His eyes were so often turned towards it, that he used his tools mechanically, and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the shaggy black hair and beard, the coarse woollen red cap, the rough medley dress of homespun stuff and hairy skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate compression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveller had travelled far, and his feet were footsore, and his ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been heavy to drag over the many long leagues, and his clothes were chafed into holes, as he himself was into sores. Stooping down beside him, the road-mender tried to get a peep at secret weapons in his breast or where not; but, in vain, for he slept with his arms crossed upon him, and set as resolutely as his lips. Fortified towns with their stockades, guard-houses, gates, trenches, and drawbridges, seemed, to the mender of roads, to be so much air as against this figure. And when he lifted his eyes from it to the horizon and looked around, he saw in his small fancy similar figures, stopped by no obstacle, tending to centres all over France.

The man slept on, indifferent to showers of hail and intervals of brightness, to sunshine on his face and shadow, to the pattering lumps of dull ice on his body, and the diamonds into which the sun changed them, until the sun was low in the west, and the sky was glowing. Then, the mender of roads having got his tools together, and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself in among the lean kine brought there to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his whispering to all the village. When the village had taken its poor supper, it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A curious contagion of whispering was upon it, and also, when it gathered together at the fountain in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Gabelle, chief functionary of the place, became uneasy; went out on his house-top alone, and looked in that direction, too; glanced down from behind his chimneys at the darkening faces by the fountain below, and sent word to the sacristan who kept the keys of the church, that there might be need to ring the tocsin by and by.

The night deepened. The trees environing the old chateau, keeping its solitary state apart, moved in a rising wind, as though they threatened the pile of building massive and dark in the gloom. Up the two terrace flights of steps the rain ran wildly, and beat at the great door, like a swift messenger rousing those within; uneasy rushes of wind went through the hall, among the old spears and knives, and passed lamenting up the stairs, and shook the curtains of the bed where the last Marquis had slept. East, West, North and South, through the woods, four heavy-treading, unkempt figures crushed the high grass, and cracked the branches, striding on cautiously to come together in the court-yard. Four lights broke out there, and moved away in different directions, and all was black again.

But, not for long. Presently, the chateau began to make itself strangely visible by some light of its own, as though it were growing luminous. Then, a flickering streak played behind the architecture of the front, picking out transparent places, and showing where balustrades, arches and windows were. Then it soared higher, and grew broader and brighter. Soon, from a score of the great windows, flames burst forth, and the stone faces, awakened, stared out of fire.

A faint murmur arose about the house from the few people who were left there, and there was saddling of a horse and riding away.—There was spurring and splashing through the darkness, and bridle was drawn in the space by the village fountain, and the horse in a foam stood at Monsieur Gabelle's door.

"Help, Gabelle! Help every one!"

The tocsin rang impatiently, but other help (if that were any) there was none. The mender of roads, and two hundred and fifty particular friends, stood with folded arms at the fountain, looking at the pillar of fire in the sky.

"It must be forty feet high," said they, grimly, and never moved.

The rider from the chateau, and the horse in a foam, clattered away through the village, and galloped up the stony steep, to the prison on the crag. At the gate, a group of officers were looking at the fire; removed from them, a group of soldiers.

"Help, gentlemen-officers! The chateau is on fire; valuable objects may be saved from the flames by timely aid! Help! help!"

The officers looked towards the soldiers who looked at the fire; gave no orders; and answered, with shrugs and biting of lips,

"It must burn."

As the rider rattled down the hill again and through the street, the village was illuminating. The mender of roads, and the two hundred and fifty particular friends, inspired as one man and woman by the idea of lighting up, had darted into their houses, and were putting candles into every dull little pane of glass. The general scarcity of everything, occasioned candles to be borrowed in a rather peremptory manner of Monsieur Gabelle; and in a moment of reluctance and hesitation on that functionary's part, the mender of roads, once so submissive to authority, had remarked that carriages were good to make bonfires with, and that post-horses would roast.

The chateau was left to itself to flame and burn. In the roaring and raging of the conflagration, a red-hot wind, driving straight from the infernal regions, seemed to be blowing the edifice away. With the rising and falling of the blaze, the stone faces showed as if they were in torment. When great masses of stone and timber fell, the face with the two dints in the nose became obscured; anon struggled out of the smoke again, as if it were the face of the cruel Marquis, burning at the stake and contending with the fire.

The chateau burned; the nearest trees, laid hold of by the fire, scorched and shrivelled; trees at a distance, fired by the four fierce figures, begirt the blazing edifice with a new forest of smoke. Molten lead and iron boiled in the marble basin of the fountain; the water ran dry; the extinguisher tops of the towers vanished like ice before the heat, and trickled down into four rugged wells of flame. Great rents and splits branched out in the solid walls like crystallization; stupified birds wheeled about, and dropped into the furnace; four fierce figures trudged away, East, West, North, and South, along the night-enshrouded roads, guided by the beacon they had lighted, towards their next destination. The illuminated village had seized hold of the tocsin, and, abolishing the lawful ringer, rang for joy.

Not only that; but, the village, light-headed with famine, fire, and bell-ringing, and bethinking itself that Monsieur Gabelle had to do with the collection of rent and taxes—though it was but a small instalment of taxes, and no rent at all, that Gabelle had got in those latter days—became impatient for an interview with him, and, surrounding his house, summoned him to come forth for personal conference. Whereupon, Monsieur Gabelle did heavily bar his door, and retire to hold counsel with himself. The result of that conference was, that Gabelle again withdrew himself to his house-top behind his stack of chimneys: this time resolved if his door were broken in (he was a small Southern man of retaliative temperament,) to pitch himself head foremost over the parapet, and crush a man or two below.

Probably, Monsieur Gabelle passed a long night up there, with the distant chateau for fire and candle, and the beating at his door, combined with the joy-ringing, for music; not to mention his having an ill-omened lamp slung across the road before his posting-house gate, which the village showed a lively inclination to displace in his favor. A trying suspense, to be passing a whole summer night on the brink of the black ocean, ready to take that plunge into it upon which Monsieur Gabelle had resolved! But, the friendly dawn appearing at last, and the rush-candles of the village guttering out, the people happily dispersed, and Monsieur Gabelle came down, bringing his life with him for that while.

Within a hundred miles, and in the light of other fires, there were other functionaries less fortunate, that night and other nights, whom the rising sun found hanging across once-peaceful streets, where they had been born and bred; also, there were other villagers and townspeople less fortunate than the mender of roads and his fellows, upon whom the functionaries and soldiery turned with success, and whom they strung up in their turn. But, the fierce figures were steadily wending East, West, North, and South, be that as it would; and whosoever hung, fire burned. The altitude of the gallows that would turn to water and quench it, no functionary, by any stretch of mathematics, was able to calculate successfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RATHER VERDANT.—I was riding in the western part of the State of Alabama, not long since, partly on business connected with a railroad company, and partly on an expedition in search of adventures. Night found me in the woods, hungry, cold, and houseless. To strike a camp and sleep in the recesses of the forest is nothing uncommon to the Alabamian; and so I passed a very comfortable night. The next morning I was ignorant of my whereabouts. I knew not whether I was in Wayne county, Mississippi, Choctaw county, or Sumter county, Alabama. I determined to ask the first person I met. Presently there came along a tall gawky, riding a white mule, with a bark bridle and no saddle. I thus accosted him:

"I say, my son, can you tell me what county I am in?"

The young fellow, after about ten minutes' continued effort to rein in and stop his "creeter," looked at me with a long, vacant stare, and then bawled out the euphonious word,

"Tickebom."

Seeing at once that he didn't know what county it was, I thought I would try him on "States rights," so I asked him what state I was in. His answer was somewhat shorter, and delivered in a lower tone than the other,

"Tickebom."

Confident that he was ignorant of State rights, I asked him which was the court-house, for by learning that, I could know where I was. So I asked him,

"Where do people go to court about here?"

His eye twinkled with a droll expression of mirth and delight, when he answered,

"Down to Squire Ross's, I reckon; for he's got the prettiest gals in this county."

I soon after left my solitary friend in the swamp of Tickebom Creek, and made my way to Squire Ross's, who put me on the right road to the town of Butler.

☞ Names that lie upon the ground are not easily set on fire by the torch of envy, but those quickly catch it which are raised up by fame, or wave to the breeze of prosperity.—*Landor.*

Anecdote of Lord Rosse.

"The late Earl of Rosse," says a writer of the middle of the last century, "was, in character and disposition, like the humorous Earl of Rochester; he had an infinite fund of wit, great spirits, and a liberal heart; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleasures, and by those means first impaired his fortune as much as he possibly could do; and finally, his health beyond repair. * * * * Some asserted, that he dealt with the Devil; established a Hell-fire Club at the Eagle Tavern on Cork-hill. Be it as it will, his Lordship's character was torn to pieces everywhere, except at the Groom Porter's, where he was a man of honor; and at the taverns, where none surpassed him in generosity. Having led this life till it brought him to death's door, his neighbor, the Rev. John Madden (Vicar of St. Anne's and Dean of Kilmore,) a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his Lordship was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his past life, the particulars of which he mentioned, such as profligacy, gaming, drinking, rioting, turning day into night, blaspheming his Maker, and in short, all manner of wickedness; and exhorting him in the tenderest manner to employ the few moments that remained to him, in penitently confessing his manifold transgressions, and soliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was shortly to appear. It is necessary to acquaint the reader, that the late Earl of Kildare was one of the most pious noblemen of the age, and in every respect a contrast in character to Lord Rosse. When the latter, who retained his senses to the last moment, and died rather for want of breath than want of spirits, read over the Dean's letter (which came to him under cover,) he ordered it to be put in another paper, sealed, and directed to the Earl of Kildare; he likewise prevailed on the Dean's servant to carry it, and to say it came from his master, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of its contents. Lord Kildare was an effeminate, puny little man, extremely formal and delicate, insomuch that when he was married to Lady Mary O'Brien, one of the most shining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off to embrace her. From this single instance may be judged with what surprise and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing so many accusations for crimes he knew himself entirely innocent of. He first ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epistle he had just received. Her Ladyship was as much confounded and amazed at it as he could possibly be, but withal observed the letter was not written in the style of a madman and advised him to go to the Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. John Hoadly) about it. Accordingly, his Lordship ordered his coach, and went to the episcopal palace, where he found his Grace at home, and immediately accosted him in this manner: 'Pray, my Lord, did you ever hear that I was a blasphemer, a profligate, a gamster, a rioter, and everything that's base and infamous?' 'You, my Lord,' said the Bishop, 'every one knows that you are the pattern of humility, godliness and virtue.' 'Well, my Lord, what satisfaction can I have of a learned and reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge?' 'Surely,' answered his Grace, 'no man in his senses, that knew your Lordship, would presume to do it; and if any clergyman has been guilty of such an offence, your Lordship will have satisfaction from the spiritual court.' Upon this, Lord Kildare delivered to his Grace the letter, which he told him was that morning delivered by the Dean's servant, and which both the Archbishop and the Earl knew to be Dean Madden's handwriting. The Archbishop immediately sent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, instantly obeyed the summons. Before he entered the room, his Grace advised Lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, while he discoursed with the gentleman about it, which his Lordship accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his Grace, looking very sternly, demanded if he had wrote that letter? The Dean answered, 'I did, my Lord.' 'Mr. Dean, I always thought you a man of sense and prudence, but this unguarded action must lessen you in the esteem of all good men; to throw out so many causeless invectives against the most unblemished nobleman in Europe, and accuse him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been strangers, must certainly be the effect of a distempered brain: besides, sir, you have by this means laid yourself open to a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court, which will either oblige you publicly to recant what you have said, or give up your possessions in the Church.' 'My Lord,' answered the Dean, 'I never either think, act, or write anything, for which I am afraid to be called to an account before any tribunal upon earth; and if I am to be prosecuted for discharging the duties of my function, I will suffer patiently the severest penalties in justification of it.' And so saying, the Dean retired with some emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and sent for a proctor of the spiritual court, to whom he committed the Dean's letter, and ordered a citation to be sent to him as soon as possible. In the meantime the Archbishop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foresaw that ruin must attend his entering into a suit with so powerful a person, went to his house, and recommended him to ask my Lord's pardon, before the matter became public. 'Ask his pardon,' said the Dean, 'why the man is dead!' 'What! Lord Kildare dead!' 'No, Lord Rosse.' 'Good G—,' said the Archbishop, 'did you not send a letter yesterday to Lord Kildare?' 'No, truly, my Lord, but I sent one to the unhappy Earl of Rosse, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did.' Upon examining the servant, the whole mistake was rectified, and the Dean saw, with real regret, that Lord Rosse died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours after he sent off the letter. The poor footman lost his place by the jest, and was, indeed, the only sufferer for my Lord's last piece of humor."

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

As if this had been a concerted signal, the back-door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds, Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rude steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next beyond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.

"Who knocks at this hour?"

"Open, and you will see."

"I open not to thieves—honest men are all a-bed now."

"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhaagen, or you shall rue it."

"Why, that is Dirk Brower's voice, I trow. What make you so far from Tergou?"

"Open, and you will know."

Martin drew the bolt, and in rushed Dierich and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back-door.

"Now, Martin, where is Gerard Gerardssoen?"

"Gerard Gerardssoen? Why he was here but now."

"Was here!" Dierich's countenance fell. "And where is he now?"

"They say he is gone to Italy. Why? What is to do?"

"No matter. When did he go? Tell me not that he went in such a storm as this!"

"Here is a coil about Gerard Gerardssoen," said Martin, contemptuously. Then he lighted the candle, and, seating himself coolly by the fire, proceeded to whip some fine silk round his bow-string at the place where the nick of the arrow frets it. "I'll tell you," said he, carelessly. "Do you know his brother Giles—a little misbegotten imp, all head and arms? Well, he came tearing over here on a mule, and bawled out something. I was too far off to hear the creature's words, but I heard its noise. Any way, he started Gerard. For as soon as he was gone, there was such crying and kissing, and then Gerard went away. They do tell me he is gone to Italy—mayhap you know where that is, for I don't."

Dierich's countenance fell lower and lower at this account. There was no flaw in it. A cunninger man than Martin would perhaps, have told a lie too many, and raised suspicion. But Martin did his task well. He only told the one falsehood he was bade to tell, and of his own head invented nothing.

"Mates," said Dierich, "I doubt he speaks sooth. I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be. He met the dwarf galloping Peter Buyskeu's mule from Sevenbergen. 'They have sent that imp to Gerard,' says he, 'so, then, Gerard is at Sevenbergen.' 'Ah, master!' says I, ''tis too late now. We should have thought of Sevenbergen before, instead of wasting our time hunting all the odd corners of Tergou for those cursed parchments that we shall never find till we find the man that took 'em. If he was at Sevenbergen,' quoth I, 'and they have sent the dwarf to him, it must have been to warn him we are after him. He is leagues away by now,' quoth I. 'Confound that chalk-faced girl! she has outwitted us bearded men;' and so I told the Burgomaster, but he would not hear reason. A wet jerkin a piece, that is all we shall get, mates, by this job."

Martin grinned coolly in Dierich's face.

"However," added the latter, "just to content the Burgomaster, we will search the house."

Martin turned grave directly.

This change of countenance did not escape Dierich. He reflected a moment.

"Watch outside two of you, one on each side of the house, that no one jump from the upper windows. The rest come with me."

And he took the candle and mounted the stairs, followed by three of his comrades.

Martin was left alone.

The stout soldier hung his head. All had gone so well at first; and now this fatal turn! Suddenly it occurred to him, that all was not yet lost. Gerard must be either in Peter's room or Margaret's; they were not so very high from the ground. Gerard would leap out. Dierich had left a man below; but what then? For half a minute Gerard and he would be two to one, and in that brief space, what might not be done!

Martin then held the back-door ajar, and watched. The light was in Peter's room. "Curse the fool!" said he, "is he going to let them take him like a girl?"

The light passed now into Margaret's bed-room. Still no window was opened. Had Gerard intended to escape that way, he would not have waited till the men were in the room. Martin saw that at once, and left the door, and came to the foot-stair and listened. He began to think Gerard must have escaped by the window while all the men were in the house. The longer the silence continued, the stronger grew this conviction. But it was suddenly and rudely dissipated.

Piercing shrieks issued from the inner bed-room—Margaret's.

"They have taken him," groaned Martin; "they have got him."

It flashed through Martin's mind in one moment that if they took Gerard away, his life was not worth a button; and that, if evil befell him, Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round, like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirk Brower's voice, said sharply, "Watch the window!" He then quietly closed and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind him, the hilt towards him; and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two, he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart, stout as it was, beat hard, to hear men coming thus to their death, and, perhaps, to his; more likely so than not; for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and Gerard might be bound, perhaps, and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen shake in his shoes at a Gilles-o'-lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his body all braced for combat, and his eye glowing, equally ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was to die that moment upon that floor he stood on.

Dierich Brower and his men found Peter in his first sleep. They opened his cupboards; they ran their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his wall; they looked under his bed; it was a large room, and apparently full of hiding-places, but they found no Gerard.

Then they went on to Margaret's room, and the very sight of it was discouraging—it was small and bare, and not a cupboard in it; there was, however, a large fireplace and chimney. Dierich's eye fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut.

Presently she awoke, and sat up in the bed, like one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused. "We are not going to hurt you, my pretty maid. Lie you still, and shut your eyes, and think of your wedding-night, while I look up this chimney to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard! in my room?"

"Why not? They say that you and he—"

"Cruel; you know they have driven him away from me—driven him from his native place. This is a blind. You are thieves; you are wicked men; you are not men of Sevenbergen, or you would know Margaret Brandt better than to look for her lover in this room of all others in the world. Oh, brave! Four great hulking men to come, armed to the teeth, to insult one poor honest girl! The women that live in your own houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," said Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaister will mend what a cudgel breaks; but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl is a woman with her mother's milk still in her." And he beat a hasty retreat. "I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be."

CHAPTER XIX.

Where is the woman that cannot act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves? Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes. The men had no sooner retired than Margaret stepped out of bed and opened the long chest on which she had been lying down in her skirt and petticoat and stockings, and night-dress over all; and put the lid, bed-clothes and all, against the wall; then glided to the door and listened. The footsteps died away through her father's room, and down the stairs.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gerard being applied to to make it look neater, and being short of materials, had ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's *soi-disant* bed, and with the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room. As for the bed or chest it really rested on the rafters a foot below the boards. Consequently it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one.

All was quiet. Margaret kneeled and gave thanks to Heaven. Then she glided from the door, and leaned over the chest, and whispered tenderly,

"Gerard!"

Gerard did not reply.

She then whispered a little louder,

"Gerard, all is safe, thank Heaven! You may rise; but, oh! be cautious!"

Gerard made no reply.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder—"Gerard!"

No reply.

"Oh! what is this?" she cried, and her hands ran wildly over his face and his bosom. She took him by the shoulders; she shook him; she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back, not like a man but like a body. A great dread fell on her. The lid had been down. She had lain upon it. The men had been some time in the room. With all the strength of frenzy, she tore him out of the chest. She bore him in her arms to the window. She dashed the window open. The sweet air came in. She laid him in it and in the moonlight. His face was the color of ashes, his body was all limp and motionless. She felt his heart. Horror! it was as still as the rest! Horror of horrors! she had stifled him with her own body!

CHAPTER XX.

The mind cannot all at once believe so great and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, who had got alive into that chest scarce five minutes ago, how could he be dead?

She called him by all the endearing names that heart could think, or tongue could frame. She kissed him and fondled him and coaxed him and implored him to speak to her.

No answer to words of love, such as she had never uttered to him before, nor thought she could utter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to say over that white face little foolish things that were at once terrible and pitiable.

"Oh, Gerard! I am very sorry you are dead! I am very sorry I have killed you! Forgive me for not letting the men take you, it would have been better than this! Oh, Gerard! I am very, very sorry for what I have done!" Then she began suddenly to rave. "No! no! such things can't be, or there is no God! It is monstrous! How can my Gerard be dead? How can I have killed my Gerard? I love him! Oh, God! you know how I love him! He does not. I never told him. If he knew my heart, he would speak to me, he would not be so deaf to his poor Margaret. It is all a trick to make me cry out and betray him: but, no, I love him too well for that. I'll choke first." And she seized her own throat, to check her wild desire to scream in her terror and anguish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh, Gerard! don't die without a word. Have mercy on me and scold me! but speak to me: if you are angry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve it: the idiot that killed the man she loved better than herself. Ah! I am a murderess. The worst in all the world. Help, help! I have murdered him. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!"

She tore her hair, and uttered shriek after shriek so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell upon the ears of Dierich Brower and his men. All started to their feet, and looked at one another.

CHAPTER XXI.

Martin Wittenhaagen, standing at the foot of the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the head, and his knife behind him, was struck with amazement to see the men come back without Gerard: he lowered his bow, and looked open-mouthed at them. They, for their part, were equally surprised at the attitude they had caught him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making ready to shoot one of *us*?"

"Stuff!" said Martin, recovering his stolid composure, "I was but trying my new string. There, I'll unstring my bow, if you think that."

"Humph!" said Dierich, suspiciously, "there is something more in you than I understand: put a log on, and let us dry our hides a bit, ere we go."

A blazing fire was soon made, and the men gathered round it, and their clothes and long hair were soon smoking from the cheerful blaze. Then it was that the shrieks were heard in Margaret's room. They all started up, and one of them seized the candle, and ran up the steps that led to the bed-rooms.

Martin rose hastily, too, and being confused by these sudden screams, and apprehending danger from the man's curiosity, tried to prevent him from going there.

At this Dierich threw his arms round him from behind, and called on the others to keep him. The man that had the candle got clear away, and all the rest fell upon Martin, and after a long and fierce struggle, in the course of which they were more than once all rolling on the floor, with Martin in the middle, they succeeded in mastering the old Samson, and binding him hand and foot with a rope they had brought for Gerard.

"That is a good job," said Dierich, pointing: "our lives weren't safe while this old fellow's four bones were free. He makes me think Gerard is hereabouts, for all we can't find him. Hallo, mates! Jorian Ketel's a long time in that girl's bed-room."

The rude laugh caused by this remark, had hardly subsided, when hasty footsteps were heard running along over-head.

"Oh! here he comes, at last. Well, Jorian, what is to do now?"

CHAPTER XXII.

Jorian Ketel went straight to Margaret's room, and there he found the man he had been in search of, pale and motionless, his head in Margaret's lap, and she kneeling over him, mute now, and stricken to stone. Her eyes were dilated, yet glazed, and she neither saw the light nor heard the man, nor cared for anything on earth, but the white face in her lap.

Jorian stood awe-struck, the candle shaking in his hand.

Why, where was he, then, all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to the empty chest and inspected it. He began to comprehend. The girl's dumb and frozen despair moved him.

"This is a sorry sight," said he: "it is a black night's work: all for a few skins! Better have gone with us than so. She is past answering me, poor wench! Stop—let us try."

He took down a little round mirror, no bigger than his hand, and put it to Gerard's mouth and nostrils, and held it there. When he withdrew it, it was dull. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful cry:

"THERE IS LIFE IN HIM, GIRL!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life and passion. Margaret rose, and flung her arms round Jorian's neck.

"Oh, bless the tongue that tells me so!" and she kissed the great rough fellow again and again, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"There, there! let us lay him warm," said Jorian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and laid him on the bed-clothes. Then he took out a flask he carried, and filled his hand twice with Schiedamze, and flung it sharply each time in Gerard's face. The pungent liquor co-operated with his recovery—he gave a faint sigh. Oh, never was sound so joyful to human ear! She flew towards him, but then stopped, quivering for fear she should hurt him. She had lost all confidence in herself.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian; "don't go cuddling him as you did me, or you'll drive his breath back again. Let him alone; he is sure to come to. 'Tisn't like as if he was an old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a faint streak of color stole to his lips. Jorian made for the door. He had hardly reached it, when he found his legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She curled round his knees like a serpent, and kissed his hand, and fawned on him.

"You won't tell? You have saved his life; you have not the heart to thrust him back into his grave, to undo your own good work?"

"No, no! It is not the first time I've done you two a good turn: 'twas I told you in the church whither we had to take him. Besides, what is Dirk Brower to me? I'll see him hanged ere I'll tell him. But I wish you'd tell *me* where the parchments are? There are a hundred crowns offered for them. That would be a good windfall for my Joan and the children, you know."

"Ah! they shall have those hundred crowns."

"What! are the things in the house?" asked Jorian, eagerly.

"No; but I know where they are; and, by God and St. Bavos, I swear you shall have them to-morrow. Come to me for them when you will, but come alone."

"I were mad, else. What! share the hundred crowns with Dirk Brower? And now may my bones rot in my skin if I let a soul know the poor boy is here!"

He then ran off, lest by staying longer he should excite suspicion, and have them all after him. And Margaret knelt, quivering from head to foot, and prayed beside Gerard, and for Gerard.

"What is to do? Why we have scared the girl out of her wits. She was in a kind of fit."

"We had better all go and doctor her, then."

"Oh, yes! and frighten her into the church-yard. Her father is a doctor, and I have roused him, and set him to bring her round. Let us see the fire, will ye?"

His off-hand way disarmed all suspicion. And soon after the party agreed that the kitchen of the Three Kings was much warmer than Peter's house, and they departed, having first untied Martin.

"Take note, mates, that I was right, and the Burgomaster wrong," said Dierich Brower, at the door: "I said we should be too late to catch him, and we were too late."

Thus Gerard, in one terrible night, grazed the prison and the grave!

And how did he get clear at last? Not by his cunningly-contrived hiding-place, nor by Margaret's ready wit; but by a good impulse in one of his captors—by the bit of humanity left in a somewhat reckless fellow's heart, aided by his desire of gain. So mixed and seemingly incongruous are human motives, so short-sighted our shrewdest counsels!

They whose moderate natures, or gentle fates, keep them in life's passage from the fierce extremes of joy and anguish our nature is capable of, are perhaps the best, and certainly the happiest, of mankind. But to such readers I should try in vain to convey what bliss unspeakable settled now upon those persecuted lovers. Even to those who have joyed greatly, and greatly suffered, my feeble art can present but a pale reminiscence, and a faint reflection of Margaret's and Gerard's ecstasy.

To sit and see a beloved face come back from the grave to the world, to health and beauty by swift gradations; to see the roses return to the loved cheek, love's glance to the loved eye, and his words to the loved mouth; this was Margaret's—a joy to balance years of sorrow. It was Gerard's to awake from a trance and find his head pillowed on Margaret's arm; to hear the woman he adored murmur new words of eloquent love, and shower tears and tender kisses and caresses on him. He never knew, till this sweet moment, how ardently, how tenderly she loved him. He thanked his enemies. They wreathed their arms sweetly round each other, and trouble and danger seemed a world, an age, behind them. They called each other husband and wife. Had they not stood before the altar together? Was not the blessing of Holy Church upon their union?—her curse on all who would part them?

But as no woman's nerves can bear with impunity so terrible a strain, presently Margaret turned faint, and sank on Gerard's shoulder, smiling feebly, but quite, quite unstrung. Thus Gerard was anxious, and would seek assistance. But she held him with a gentle grasp, and implored him not to leave her for a moment.

"While I can lay my hand on you, I feel you are safe, not else. Foolish Gerard! nothing ails me. I am weak, dearest, but happy, oh, so happy!"

Then it was Gerard's turn to support that dear head, with its great waves of hair flowing loose over him, and nurse her, and soothe her, quivering on his bosom, with soft encouraging words and murmurs of love, and gentle caresses. Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

Poor things! they were happy. To-morrow they must part. But that was nothing to them now. They had seen Death, and all other troubles seemed light as air. While there is life there is hope; while there is hope there is joy. Separation for a year or two, what was it to them, who were so young, and had caught a glimpse of the grave? The future was bright, the present was Heaven; so passed the blissful hours.

Alas! their innocence ran other risks besides the prison and the grave; they were in most danger from their own hearts and their inexperience, now that visible danger there was none.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Another curious anagram has been discovered on Louis Napoleon's name, by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press:—

Be soon a ruin, no Pope at all.

To those who attach significance to anagrams, this last is singularly coincidal to the mission assigned to this man by some able interpreters of prophecy—namely, the downfall of the Papal power.

☞ Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become then what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

OUR JERUSALEM PONY.

HOW THE PROMISE WAS EXTORTED.

I am a medical man, residing, as my wife informs her relatives in the South, "in the neighborhood of" Edinburgh; but in point of fact we are *in* it, the nearest villa-residences being thirty streets off at the very least. Our back-green, however, is commodious, and boasts of various fancy animals (principally rabbits) and poultry; the former of which I use for scientific experiment; the latter for my table only, although it has been hinted by the malicious that they are made to fulfil double duty. Looking out upon this pleasant expanse of wood and verdure, with its contented denizens, sleeping, or eating, or going through the various interesting processes which result from chemical or chirurgical experiment, I was wont not only to feel like the monarch to whom Mr. A. Selkirk compares himself in his somewhat egotistical poem, but to envy no man his ancestral acres, however wide-spreading, his deer-forests, however fully stocked. I had risen in my profession, not by standing on my own dignity, as the manner of some is, but by hard work, and, as I flattered myself, usefulness. I was not made dizzy by my elevation, since it had been gradual; and I reflected with satisfaction, that even if I should be in danger of slipping backwards, I possessed enough of balance to keep me right in that best of balances—a balance in my banker's books. When I add that, in addition to these various subjects of congratulation, on a certain evening in July last, I had a mild Havana in my mouth, and a pair of slippers just at the extremity of my toes, it will be understood by the married portion of my male readers that I was in a disposition peculiarly adapted for subjugation by the female. Leonora, the wife of my bosom for several years, and therefore but too well aware of her opportunities in this respect, was standing behind me, running her fingers through what she considers to be my curls, and dilating pleasantly upon my professional talents and success.

"Alfy," said she, coaxingly, after she had thus laid down the rails, as she thought, for the idea to slip dreamily into my mind, "now you are getting on so well, my love, don't you think that you ought to buy a brougham?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, my dear," returned I, pretending to misunderstand her, and the broad ægis of domestic economy at once placing itself between my pockets and this extravagant proposition; "buy half-a-dozen brooms if they are necessary, by all means, sweetest; but I thought we stocked the house when I moved, at your request, from our flat into this main-door."

This shell had such a quantity of rusty nails in it in the form of reminiscence and reminder, that I imagined it would have silenced the enemy's fire altogether; but no; that "still small voice" which is never still—the voice of one's wife—again attacked me with that quiet persistence which is its most fatal attribute.

"I meant a carriage, *love*—a brough-am; a one-horse brougham would be quite enough."

"Why not say Mr. Axle's prize 'drag' at once," replied I, laughing, and lighting another cigar; "I'll send round Betsy in the morning, with my compliments, and I'll buy it of him at his own figure."

"It would very much increase your practice," remarked Leonora, musingly; "there's nothing like a carriage for a medical man, you may depend upon *that*; it takes him where skill and talent, even such as yours, Alfy, would never carry him."

"Yes, love; it sometimes takes him to prison," remarked I, assentingly. A slight pause here took place, during which I only caught one word of my Leonora's, and even that was not intended for me; it sounded exceedingly like "Fiddlestick." When she recommenced, it was in a graver and less playful tone; Marshal Gyulai superseded, and Marshal Hess in command, with a new set of tactics.

"Do you know how much you spend in the course of the year in cabs, Alfred? *Nothing!* Oh, don't you tell me naughty fibs; you men never can keep any account. What do you say, dear? I can't quite catch what you are saying: *You walk!* Oh, you wicked man, you don't walk from ten to five every day, I'm sure!"

"My love," returned I kissing her, "my remark was that there is such a thing as a 'bus."

"Very well, Alfred," observed Leonora with a sigh, and as though the discussion was closed, "all I have to say is this; that the child's ankles are going."

"Going!" ejaculated I, with unaffected surprise; "and where are they going to?"

"If the child's being lame for life is a joke, Alfred—as everything seems, indeed, to be a joke to you—it's all well and good, and it doesn't signify."

In that wonderful alembic with which married females are endowed by too bountiful Nature, Leonora distilled a couple of tears, and let them fall.

"He's got the perambulator," observed I, with that callousness to shame which is the husband's only and very inadequate defence, the unwarranted mackintosh in which he vainly wraps himself from the watery foe; "he can keep his ankles from going in that, Leonora, surely."

"Betsy won't push it," sobbed my wife; "she said she'd see the little angel fur-fur-further first. Its only use is now to hold the umbrellas in the lobby."

"Then we must turn over a new leaf, and get a page," returned I, pleasantly.

"You've promised me *him* a long time," returned the unrelenting Leonora; "but I wouldn't trust that child to be butted about by a page—no, not for millions."

"I don't think so large a temptation will ever be thrown in your way, my love," remarked I, drily; "say 'thousands.' But I tell you what I will do, Lenny; I'll get a Jerusalem pony for him."

"A pony," cried she, clapping her hands and shutting up her lachrymal ducts, as if by magic; "oh, that'll be delicious."

"A *Jerusalem* pony," observed I again, with emphasis, and unwilling that an expectation should be aroused of some Arab steed; "it will only be a Jerusalem."

"I don't care whether it comes from Jerusalem or not," replied she, in evident ignorance that the expression was euphoistic for a Donkey; "I'd just as soon have it from there as from Wales or Shetland."

"Ha!" said I, for I had nothing else to say, since I had not the heart, nor indeed the courage to undeceive her."

"And, Alfy, darling," observed she, as she trippingly left the room, to communicate this piece of news to her offspring, "do, please, if you possibly can, let it be a piebald."

"Very well, my love, I will, if I possibly can," returned I; "but I confess I do not think it very likely."

HOW THE PROMISE WAS KEPT.

On a certain Saturday evening, some time after this conversation, I chanced to be at a small village in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, which forms a sort of watering-place to that metropolis—that is to say, which boasts of a pier, a wheel of fortune, a few bathing-machines, and a stud of Jerusalem ponies; and on one of those animals I set my eyes and my mind.

I made inquiry concerning its merits of the proprietor, who, without giving himself an instant's breath for a comma, and far less for consideration of the facts, deposed—that it was middle aged, steady, and well conducted, would carry a lady sideways, didn't know how to startle. Lie down? Bless you, *never*. A child might ride him a-hunting; while as for kicking——

It may have been that the philosophic beast was annoyed by so much flattery; it may have been that Fate herself interposed to save my precious infant; or it may have been a gadfly; but certain it is that at the word "kicking," that donkey began a *pas de deux* with his hind-legs, the duration and violence of which I never before saw equalled.

"It's only his play," began the hypocritical proprietor.

I congealed the remainder of his sentence by a glance of incredulous scorn, and requested to see some smaller specimens; infant donkeys, who had left off milk-diet, but had not yet been taught vicious tricks. Had he any such that he could lay his hand upon his heart and recommend to the father of a young family? Had he any under a year old?

The change that came over this garrulous person upon his discovering with whom he had to deal was most remarkable; from spurious enthusiasm, he sank into downright obstinacy, while he wrangled and disputed with all the tenacity of an ancient sophist.

"Young donkeys? Of course he had young donkeys; scores—hundreds. Under one year old? Certainly not. How could he have?—Nothing was younger than *one*? How could it be?"

The low cunning which overspread the countenance of this dealer in Jerusalem ponies would have shed another halo round any member of the Old Bailey Bar.

I turned away in disgust, and should have departed donkeyless, but that a *Deus ex machina*—a fellow belonging to the bathing-machine—who seemed to know this man and his humor, intervened, and solved the difficulty. He explained to him with an elaborate patience, which should earn him the lately vacated place in the College of Preceptors, that there was a smaller measure of time than a year, and that a Jerusalem pony might be any number of months old short of a twelvemonth.

I accompanied these two to the donkey emporium, purchased my young ass for ten shillings, hired a boy to lead it home by a straw-halter, and imagined the affair to be concluded. I did not, at that time, estimate the duties of the proprietor of a Jerusalem pony so highly as the privileges. In the first place, in addition to the boy that was hired for money, there were about three-and-twenty others who accompanied us out of the village, for the fun of the thing; of these, two took their posts, like a guard of honor, on either side of the creature, and encouraged him with unintelligible cries; a fourth established himself in his rear, and took every opportunity of my eye being diverted from my property to twist its perfectly straight and rather attenuated tail. The rest followed in a disorderly manner at a little distance, addressing either myself or the animal—for, having the misfortune to be an Englishman, I am unacquainted with the Scotch language in its native purity—as "the cuddy" and taunting me with social pride in not at once getting up on the quadruped's back and riding home.

These myrmidons deserted us in the course of the journey, but only to be replaced, as we reached Edinburgh, by a much more formidable following. When myself and prize reached our residence in Paradise Row about 11 o'clock P. M., he had, in addition to his four personal attendants, who had remained faithful, a "tail" of about one hundred people: including two policemen and three or four highly respectable persons who wanted to go the other way, but who were compelled to follow the stream and accompany us.

I had forgotten, when I made my purchase, that our back-green was, so to speak, down stairs, and only approachable by the area steps and through the kitchen passage; but often, during the course of my triumphal march, this difficulty had presented itself to my procrastinating mind, and it had now to be solved:—"How were we to get the Jerusalem pony into his uncomatable paddock?" Dearest Leonora was gone to bed; that was the only bright side the picture at present afforded me. If her reproaches upon the animal not being a piebald had been added to my other annoyances at that moment, I verily believe that I should have given the Jerusalem pony away.

"Come," cried the policeman, as we vainly urged the animal to descend into his future residence, "this won't do, you know: you must move on, sir; you mustn't be obstructing the street."

"Obstructing your grandmother!" cried I, pale with passion at the idea of the law interfering to oppress what it was intended to protect; "is there not room in Paradise Row for this poor young creature, as well as myself? Move on, indeed! That is the very thing I want to do? A l, take the Jerusalem pony's

fore-legs; A 2, take his hind-quarters, and be very careful; and carry him down those steps."

"Horray!" shouted the crowd, in a state of wild excitement, and delighted with my commanding air. I was never in my life in the position of a public and popular character before, but I can now well understand the feelings which prompt the demagogue. I saw the respectable inhabitants of Paradise Row regarding me from their Saturday-night windows, it is true, and I knew that I was losing my practice as a medical man; but, on the other hand, the cheering rang in my ears like a trumpet voice, and I felt that whatever happened, I was the favorite of the people.

"Take him down," cried I, in a voice of thunder; "you had better take him down, when I tell you."

"Horray!" shouted the crowd; "take him down, or down with the Peelers."

The policemen looked at me, looked at the assembled thousands—for the street was filled by this time from end to end, and surged into the adjoining squares—looked at one another, and then proceeded to obey me without a murmur. They took up—they had never taken up such a customer before—the astonished quadruped in the manner I had suggested, and carried him safe and sound down the area steps.

While this apparently funereal procession was in progress, a gentleman stepped forward and addressed me with a very excited demeanor: "Excuse me, sir; I have but just come, and am unacquainted with the circumstances. You are a medical man, I see; I am connected with the press, sir. What *is* the matter, sir? *What* has happened? *Who* is it, sir? Is it a lady or a gentleman, and are they dead, or only insensible?"

"He is a gentleman, and at present speechless," returned I, hurriedly, as I accompanied the sufferer in question into the house.

Oh, the relief of mind and body when I saw that Jerusalem pony deposited safely in our back-green! the gratitude with which I overwhelmed those guardians of public safety! the recklessness of expense with which I opened bottle after bottle of superior beer for their refreshment!

I woke Leonora, to recount to her all that I had done, and had some difficulty to prevent her rushing to the window to look at the new arrival.

"I don't even know what a Jerusalem pony is," urged she; "I shall be lying awake, and trying to picture what unusual—"

At this juncture, her doubts were set at rest for ever by the most tremendous braying that ever issued from the mouth of jackass since the days of Balaam; it was exactly beneath our bed-room window, and sounded like a brass band composed of ophicleides out of repair.

"Why, it's only a dreadful donkey, Alfred," cried Leonora with just indignation.

"It's forty donkeys," cried I, penitently, and stopping my ears. Never, indeed, shall I forget that noise, which seems even now to be ringing through the chambers of memory.

We retired to rest, however—that is to say, we lay down and listened. Sometimes we would nourish a faint hope that all was over, that the Jerusalem pony would himself require the blessings of sleep, and become quiet; and sometimes the real horrors of our situation could not be dispelled by any such baseless fancy. I think the creature must have been composing a coronach or lament for his absent mother or other relatives; for after very short pauses, such as might have been given by any donkey to composition, he would burst forth with a torrent of discordant wailing of about fourteen lines in length—as far as we could judge—and ending in an Alexandrine. It was horrible from the first, and rapidly grew to be unbearable. At 2.30 A. M. I put on my dressing-gown and slippers, and taking down the rope from one of the window-curtains, I sallied forth into the back-green. Sleep had of course been banished from every other inhabitant of Paradise Row as well as from ourselves; a score of human heads regarded me from far and near, from first flat to attic, with interest and satisfaction. They believed, in their foolish and revengeful hearts, I knew, that I was about to *hang* the Jerusalem pony. I was not going to do anything of the kind.

I approached the animal, uttering sounds such as, in the mouths of his late attendants, I had observed to give him pleasure; but I might just as well have read aloud the Act for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He turned away; he fled; he even lifted up his heel against me. Disgusted, but not dispirited by this conduct, I pursued the flying beast with persevering vigor, despite the fluttering of my lengthy garment, and the increasing coolness of my unprotected legs. I caught him; I tied up his jaws—securely, as I thought—with the curtain-rope; and retired amid murmurs of applause to my apartment, leaving him speechless and discomfited.

Better, far better would it have been had I never attempted this! The great harmonies of Nature are not to be hushed by the rude hands of Man. Scarcely had my head touched the pillow, when the bray, half-stifled, pitiful, more harrassing beyond expression than before, recommenced with hideous pertinacity, and increased in volume with every note. Presently the rope gave way, and the full tide of song burst forth again from that Jerusalem pony as the pent-up waters from an ineffectual dam; while the cock, imagining, no doubt, that it was dawn, and accusing itself of oversleeping, and permitting another creature to be the first to salute the sun, added its shrill tribute to the din.

"I'll *cut* that donkey's throat," cried I, leaping out of bed, and fumbling for a razor; "the organ is situated so low down his larynx, that nothing less will stop him."

"Give him chloroform," cried Leonora, sarcastically; "you're so fond of that."

This remark, intended to wound my professional feelings, was, as sometimes happens, the very best advice that could be given to me. I snatched up an enormous phial of that divine essence, and again rushed down to the back-green to silence the domestic enemy. This time, I conquered; in fifteen minutes—it must be confessed, after tremendous exertion—I was standing in my dressing-gown and slippers upon that prostrate Jerusalem pony like another Rarey; a victim to science, he reposed like a sleeping infant who has had enough of his bottle.

This victory, achieved in the sight of respectable though sleepless myriads, has been quite an advertisement to me. My practice is increasing, and the child's ankles are being rapidly strengthened. A breach knocked through the wall of our back-green permits the immediate cause of this prosperity to retire, after his daily labors, to a pasture at a considerable distance. Leonora is more than mollified. She has withdrawn the hasty expression once made use of, about something being no more like another thing than a horse-chestnut is like a chestnut-horse, and confesses that a Jerusalem pony is a very good pony after all. Her sole regret now is that he is not a piebald.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—The committee of plans for the monument to the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, to be erected in Independence Square, Philadelphia, met at the Metropolitan Hotel, New York city, on Wednesday afternoon, and decided to publish a prospectus, a copy of which is to be addressed to all architects and artists throughout the United States. The prospectus sets forth that the monument and iron railing to enclose it is to occupy a base or diameter of sixty feet. The monument is to have thirteen sides or faces, to be united by an entablature on which the Declaration of Independence, with the names of its signers, will be graven, and which may constitute the base of the work, to be surrounded by a shaft, column, or other superstructure. A panel, tablet, or niche will be left in each face, devoted to each of the States, and to be filled up hereafter with such inscriptions and devices, in harmony with the whole design, as they may respectively and determinately propose. The materials of the monument will be marble, granite, or other stone, and the cost is limited to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the structure, and iron railing around it. The designs furnished by architects and artists must be on paper two feet wide, and drawn on a scale of four feet to the inch. A premium of three hundred dollars will be given for the plan that may be selected by the trustees, and one of two hundred dollars for the second best in merit. All plans sent in will be the property of the committee, and be retained by the trustees.

Plans or estimates must be sent in on or before the first day of January, 1860, and directed to A. G. Waterman, Philadelphia, Pa. The members of the committee present yesterday were Hon. Samuel Dinsmoor, ex-Governor of New Hampshire; Hon. Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; Gen. E. R. V. Wright, of New Jersey; Hon. Murray Hoffman, of New York, and Hon. A. G. Waterman, of Pennsylvania—representing five of the thirteen original States.

PHYSICIAN FOR A RAILROAD COMPANY.—A few evenings since, a well-dressed individual, having about him all the evidence of a modern gentleman, a diamond pin, massive gold watch and patent leather shoes, was arrested, and lodged in the Ninth street Station House, Cincinnati. He was charged with being drunk and disorderly, and faithfully promising to go and "sin no more," the officers concluded to withdraw the charge and dismiss him. Previous to setting him free, however, he was interrogated as to his residence, to which he replied that he was from Egypt, meaning southern Illinois. "Your business," inquired the lieutenant on duty. "I am a physician," replied he. "Oh!" continued the lieutenant, in a half querulous tone. "A physician—to his royal highness the Pasha I suppose." "No," spake the doctor. "*I am physician to the Illinois Central Rail Road Company.*" This probably accounts for the ill-health of the said Company.

LIBERIA.—The President of Liberia, Mr. Benson, does not seem to have a very favorable opinion of the emigrants arriving in that Republic from America. He says:

"My fears and anxieties, for the last five or six years, have been that the moral, intellectual and industrial training of a majority of the immigrants who may arrive here from the United States, as well as that of our posterity, bred and born in this country, will not keep pace with the advancement of the aborigines in these elements of individual and national greatness. In order to show that these fears and anxieties are not unfounded, I have only to state what is pretty generally known in Liberia, that there are thousands of natives living within the jurisdiction of this Republic who are intellectually in advance of at least one-half of the immigrants that arrive here annually from the United States."

THE GREAT EASTERN.—The Gothamites and the "Modern Athenians," are bidding for a visit from the Great Eastern. The newspapers of both cities assert that there is plenty of water in their harbors to float her. This is undoubtedly true—there is water enough in either port, but unfortunately there is not enough *in one place*.

FLIES will not touch onions or smart-weed, and some wash might be made out of these, or some other article, to protect horses and cattle.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	101	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99¼	99½
" " new	102½	103
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	—	85
All'y City 6 pr ct	65	75
" " County	—	—
" " R R issue	42½	—
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" " 5 "	93	93½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	76	80
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	86½	—
Ohio " 1885	108½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	1.6	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	132	137
Philadelphia	116	118
Far & Mec	—	98
Commercial	42½	43½
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	—	27½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	98	100
Kensington	64	65
Girard	—	66
Western	—	69
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	69½	—
City	42½	—
Consolidation	24½	25
Commonwealth	—	25½
Corn Exchange	201	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange	84	—
Kentucky, Ky	110	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	115	120
Farmers "	130	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	105	—
Planters "	113½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	28½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	11
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	31
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	69	62
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	99½	100
2nd "	89½	89
stock		
Interest off	40½	40½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	118	1.0
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	81½	82
mort 6's '44	89	91
" '88	69½	70
stock	23	23½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	93½	—
stock	38	39
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	35	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	93½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	86½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	51	53
2nd "	—	15
stock	1	2
Catawissa	—	—
Beaver Meadow stock	26	—
preferred 10 pr ct	50	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8½	9½
6 pr ct loan	61½	62
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock	12	13½
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	51	56½
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	56
bonds '80	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	18
Long Island R R stock	10½	11
bonds	81	82
Erie R R stock	24	—
Hudson River R R	21½	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	84	—
Michigan Southern	74	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	63	63½
imp. 5 pr ct	7½	—
stock	6	9
preferred	16½	17½
Lehigh Nav stock	46½	49
mort 6 pr ct	92	—
scrip	26	27
Morris Consol'd	51	52½
preferred	104½	—
Ches & Del bonds	66	—
Union bonds	77½	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1876	—	78
	79	81
	75	80

A WITTY CARICATURE.—There is a caricature privately circulating in Paris, representing the Emperor Napoleon putting a cat, a dog, a monkey, a parrot, a woman and a serpent all into one bag. The Emperor Francis Joseph looks on in some surprise, and inquires, "*Que faites vous là?*" "An Italian Confederation," replies Napoleon, "and you will be so good as to put one of your arms into it." "Very willingly," replies the Austrian, "armed with my 800,000 claws."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The apathy noticed in the market for Flour, for some time past, still continues. About 4000 bbls only having been taken for shipment, chiefly in small lots, at $4,75@5 for common mixed and good straight superfine; $5,25@5,50 for extras, and $5,75@6,37½ for extra family, including 1000 bbls of fancy brand, at the latter figures: 100 bbls fine middlings at $3,75, 300 half bbls superfine at $5,37½ the pair, and 800 bbls good old stock extra at $4,50@4,75 ℔ bbl, the market closing dull at the above figures, and holders generally asking $5 ℔ bbl, for strictly fresh ground superfine. Rye Flour is scarce, and is selling in a small way, on arrival, at $3,75 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal has been rather quiet at the decline; some 800 bbls Penna. Meal only having been disposed of at $3,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have fallen off very materially this week. Sales reach about 22,000 bus, in lots for milling, at 110 to 120c for common and prime reds, and 120 to 130c for white, including some choice Kentucky at 135c, mostly in store. Rye has been in steady demand, and all offered sold at 71@72c for new Southern, 75c for Pennsylvania, and 80c for old do. Corn is better, and about 27,000 bus, mostly prime yellow, found buyers for shipment at 78@80c afloat and in store, closing with a good demand at the latter rate; some inferior sold at 75@77c, and white at 78c. Oats are also rather better, with sales of 25,000 bus, in lots, at 34@35c for new Southern, chiefly at the latter rate, and 36c for Pennsylvania, including some old at 36@37c in store. Barley is beginning to come forward, and a sale of prime new crop is reported at 75c.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer, and rather more active, and Mess Pork is selling in a small way at $15½@16 ℔ bbl. Beef is taken in lots, as wanted, at $16 ℔ bbl for city packed Mess; country ranges at $10@14 ℔ bbl. Bacon is better, plain and fancy Hams selling more freely at 10½@12½c, Sides 10@10½c, and Shoulders at 8@8½c; now held higher. Green Meats are scarce, and on the advance, with further sales of Shoulders at 7½@7½c, and Sides at 9@9½c, it nait. Hams are held at 9½c. Lard is firm, and taken in a small way at 11½c for bbls and tcs, and 12½@12½c for kegs. Butter continues dull; solid packed ranges at 10@12c, and roll at 13@14c, as in quality. In Cheese no change, and the sales moderate at 9½@10c ℔ lb. Eggs are worth 14c ℔ dozen, and rather more plenty.

COTTON—There has been very little animation in this staple, and prices are ½@¾c off the highest quotations of last week, buyers only taken hold to supply their immediate wants, and the sales include about 1000 bales, and small lots at from 10½ to 13c for Uplands, and 12½ to 14½c for Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK comes forward slowly, and about 80 hhds sold in small lots on arrival at $29 for 1st No 1, but the market closes quiet at that figure. Some further sales of Tanners' Bark are reported at $11 ℔ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX comes in slowly, but buyers are not disposed to pay over 35@36c ℔ lb for yellow, and there is very little selling.

COAL—Orders are coming in rather more freely, but there is very little animation in the market, and the trade generally is dull for the season, but without any alteration to note in prices. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal worthy of remark.

COFFEE—There is not much demand from the trade, but the reduced state of the stock has enabled holders to realize rather better prices; sales reach only about 1000 bags Rio, mostly at 11½c, and some small lots of Laguayra at 12c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER is dull; of Yellow Metal, further sales of American are reported at 20c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS move off slowly at 48@50c ℔ lb for good Western.

FRUIT—Green Apples are plenty, and selling at $1@2 ℔ bbl. Peaches are not so abundant, and prices range at from 75c to $2,50 ℔ basket, as in quality. Melons are coming in freely, and selling at low prices.

HEMP—The demand is limited, and the stock mostly in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—There has been no further arrivals, but buyers and sellers are apart in their views, and we hear of no sales this week to alter quotations.

HOPS are selling slowly at 6@12c for Eastern and Western, as in quality. Supplies of the new crop are expected in a day or two, and we quote them at 17@18c ℔ lb.

IRON—Holders of pig metal are rather firmer in their views, but the demand continues moderate, the sales comprise about 1200 tons, in lots, at $23@23½ for anthracite No 1, $22@22½ for No 2, and 20@21 for No 3, on time; 300 tons No 3 also sold at $19½, 6 mos, and 1500 tons Grey Forge on terms we did not learn, the latter to go West. Of Scotch Pig, there is little or none in first hands, and store sales are making at $26, on time. Blooms and Boiler Iron are dull. In Bars and Rails there is a fair business doing, without change in rates.

LEAD is firm, and generally held above the views of buyers, and the only sale we hear of is about 50 tons Spanish, at equal to $5,75 ℔ 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—Good stock continues in demand and rather scarce at about former rates, but other kinds are dull.

LUMBER—There is very little doing; some white pine shipping boards have been sold at $14, and yellow pine do at $14@15, but the market generally is dull. Laths are selling at $1,55@1,62½ ℔ M, as to lots; nothing doing in shingles.

MOLASSES—The market has been quiet, but without any change to note, and a few small lots of Cuba only sold at 18@23c, as to quality, on time.

SEEDS—There has been very little movement in the market this week; some 300 bushels Clover-seed sold, in lots, at $5,37½@5,75 ℔ bushel, the latter for prime; buyers generally offer less; 100 bags also sold from second hands on terms kept private, and 700 bushels Timothy, in lots, at $2,37½@2,75 ℔ bushel, as in quality. Domestic Flaxseed is rather lower, and the crushers are paying $1,60@1,62½ ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS—Brandies are firmly held, but there is very little doing in the way of sales. Gins are also quiet. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@37c. Whiskey is rather more active, and sales of bbls to some extent have been made during the week, at 27c for Pennsylvania, 27½@28c for Ohio, 28c for prison, and 25@25½c for drudge, closing with an upward tendency; hhds sell slowly at 26½@27.

SUGARS—The market has been inactive, but prices are steady, with sales of about 1000 hhds to note, in lots, mostly taken by the trade at 5¼@6¼c for Cuba and 7@8c for New Orleans, as in quality; all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is rather firmer, and city rendered is selling more freely at 10½@11c ℔ lb, holders generally asking the latter rate.

TOBACCO—There is not much doing, and no change to notice in the market, for either leaf or manufactured.

WOOL—The market continues firm but quiet. The week's sales have been mostly in a small way at fully former rates, ranging at from 38 to 40c for common and good tub, up to 45@55c and 62½c for quarter to full blood and fine fleece, nett. The demand is mostly for the low and medium grades.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The following lots were disposed of at the Avenue Drove Yard:—29 head I Abrahams, Chester co, 9@9½; 45 Baughman, Va, 9@10; 16 Kennedy & Powers, Ohio, 8@9; 22 D W Gammell, Del co, inf, 4@4½; 13 Hamaker, Lancaster co, 8@9½; 15 S Haffy, Mifflin co, inf, 3½; 46 H Chain, Ohio, 8½@9½; 25 J Berry, Armstrong co, Pa, inf, 3½@3½; 26 Marshall, Chester co, 8½@9; 38 T Strickland, Va, 8@8½. Sheep—8000 head arrived during the week, and sold at 7 to 8c ℔ lb dressed. Cows and Calves—75 head arrived and sold at from $25 to 50, according to quality.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—15 head J Cochran, Chester co, 4c, gross, 92 do do, Va, 7½@8½; 20 B Seidomridge, Lancaster, 4; 31 H Brown, Ohio, 4; 17 B Hood, Chester co, 8½@9½; 24 J Holmes, Del, 9; 11 D Martin, Chester co, 9; 19 S Taylor, do, 9½; 31 J McFillin, do, 8½@9; 13 D Martin, New Jersey, 8½.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. PHIL. H. SOMERSET, to Miss LIZZIE SHOEMAKER, both of this city.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, T. NELSON DAVIS, to ANNA A. PERINE, both of this city.

On the 6th of June, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. HENRY HOLMES, to Miss ADELAIDE CRAIG.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. Saml. Dorborow, Mr. GEORGE W. CLOAK, to Miss ANNA OVINGTON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, Mr. JACOB WALTER, to Miss MARY E. ZUBGNER, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. THOMAS BAMFORD, of Catasauqua, to Miss MARGARET NORTON, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM BARNES, to Miss MARY GALAGHER, both of this city.

In New York, on the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. I. Frankel, Mr. JACOB BAMBERGER, of Lock Haven, Pa. to Miss MINA, daughter of A. Stern, Esq. of N. York.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, CATHARINE A. wife of Geo. Cline, aged 71 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARY ELIZABETH, wife of Jos. Kepfler, aged 31 years.

On the 5th instant, Mr. GEORGE WINS, aged 54.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. E. P. LAWRENCE, aged 67 years.

On the 4th instant, GEORGE CREESMAN, aged 26 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. TRYON KRAUMANN, aged 84 years.

On the 4th instant, JOHN SPRIGMAN, aged 50.

On the 5th instant, HANNAH, wife of S. Priest, aged 50 years.

On the 4th instant, ELLEN, wife of And. Conroy, aged 55 years.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH WILSON, aged 80 years.

On the 2d instant, JAMES M. JACKSON, aged 38 years.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. LYDIA L. wife of Wm. C. Cutter, aged 44 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ dis
DELAWARE.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	½ to 3 dis
MARYLAND.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Baltimore	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	OHIO.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
VERMONT.		State bank	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Old bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	WISCONSIN.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	TEXAS.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	CANADA.	
		Solv bks	1 dis

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THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR POULTRY.

We commenced stocking our poultry-yard in July, by purchasing twenty-eight chickens and twenty ducks, for which we paid £3 6s. 4d. in the market. Some of them were too young for the table at the time we purchased them, but were all consumed at the end of four months, with the exception of seven hens and a cock, which we saved for "stock." Thus in the time I have mentioned, we killed ten couple of ducks, and the same of fowls. These we entered in our housekeeping expenses at 5s. 6d. a couple, though they were larger and better than could have been purchased in a London shop for 7s.

We must now proceed to reckon what they cost for food, and then see if any balance remained in our favor. They consumed during the time they were getting in order for the table, three bushels of barley, at 5s. the bushel, one bushel of meal, at the same price, and one hundred weight of what is called "chicken rice," at 12s.

The cost of barley and meal was	£1	0	0
Rice,	0	12	0
Cost of poultry,	3	6	4
Making the total price	£4	18	4

Ten couple of ducks, and the same number of chickens, would amount to £5 10s.

Thus, at the first sight, it would appear that we gained but 11s. 8d. by four months' trouble in attending to our fowl-yard; but we have now to take from the purchase money the value of the eight we saved for stock, and likewise to deduct from the barley and rice the quantity consumed by them in the four months. Now these eight were large fowls when bought, and well worth 2s. each. We must allow for their food at least a fourth part of that consumed. We have them to take off 16s. from the first cost of the poultry, and 8s. from the value of the food, which will add 24s. to the 11s. 8d., leaving on the whole transaction a profit of £1 15s. 8d.

We have still another small item to add. One of the hens we saved began to lay in the middle of September, and by the time the four months were expired, had given us two dozen eggs, which at that time of year, even in the country, were not to be procured under 1s. 6d. the dozen; so that we have to add 3s. to £1 15s. 9d., making a clear profit in four months of £1 18s. 8d.

It was a source of great amusement to ourselves, as well as to the children, by whom it was always considered a treat to run in the meadows, with barley in their little baskets, to the "coobiddies." When we first had the poultry we kept them in the stable-yard; but we soon found they did not thrive; they had been taken from a farm where they had the free range of the fields, and drooped in confinement, and from want of the grass and worms, which they had been accustomed to feed on. We had a house constructed for them in the meadow nearest the house, and soon found that they throve much better, and did not require so much food. We had no trouble with them, except in seeing that the house was cleaned out daily. Through the fields flowed a stream of clean water, consequently our ducks throve well. The bushel of meal which figures in our accounts was for them; they used to have a little mixed in hot water once a day. We soon left it off, for we found the rice boiled in skim-milk was equally good for them, and much cheaper.

Poultry of all kinds are very fond of "scraps;" the children were always told to cut up pieces of potatoes, greens, or meat, which they might leave on their plates at the nursery dinner; and when they were removed to the kitchen, they were collected together and put into the rice-bowl for the chickens. We always fed them three times daily; in the morning with rice, in the middle of the day with "scraps," and in the evening they had just as much barley thrown to them as they cared to pick up eagerly.

We have heard some persons complain of the great expense attending a poultry-yard, but this arises from the person who has the charge of them throwing down just as much grain again as the fowls can consume. We have ourselves often seen barley trodden into the ground, if occasionally we left the task of feeding to the lad.

It must, of course, be impossible at all times for a lady to go into the fields for the purpose of feeding her chickens; the only plan to prevent waste is to have a meal-room in the house, and as much given out daily as is considered necessary for the consumption of the poultry. This is some little trouble, but will be well repaid by having at all times cheap and wholesome fowls, &c.

We have hitherto only spoken of the profit which may be obtained from a fowl-yard, when the stock is purchased. The farmer's wife, from whom we bought ours, of course gained some money by their sale. When we reared our own chickens from our own eggs, we received much more emolument from our yard; but in this little volume it is my purpose to show how a person should *commence*, who leaves London or any other large town for a suburban residence.

It must always be borne in mind, that nothing will prosper if left wholly to servants; the country proverb of "the master's eye fattens the steed," is a very true one; and another is quite as good: "the best manure you can put on the ground is the foot of the master." As a proof of our assertion we will, in the next chapter, detail the disasters we experienced when we left the charge of rabbits to the superintendence of a servant.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR LOSSES.

Our young people were very anxious to add some rabbits to their playthings; and as we always like to encourage a love of animals in children, we consented that they should become the fortunate shareholders in a doe and six young ones. These were bought early in September, and as long as the weather would allow, the children used to take them food; by and by, however, one died, and then came the complaint that Master Harry had killed it by giving it too much green meat. The young gentleman was thereupon commanded not to meddle with them for the future, but the rabbits did not derive any benefit from his obedience; two or three times weekly we heard of deaths taking place in the hutch, till, at last, the whole half-dozen, with the mamma, reposed under the large walnut tree.

One day, the lad who had attended to them, knocked at the drawing-room door, and on entering with a large basket, drew from it a most beautiful black and white doe, and held it up before our admiring eyes; this was followed by the display of seven young ones, as pretty as the mother.

"Please, ma'am," said Tom, "these are the kind of rabbits you ought to have bought. My brother keeps rabbits, and these are some of his; I'll warrant they won't die!"

Willing once more to gratify the children, as well as to solve the enigma of whether it must be inevitable to lose by keeping these animals, we became the possessors of these superior creatures, with the understanding that no one was to have anything to do with them but Tom, the said Tom saying, with perfect confidence, that he "would 'warrant' they should weigh five pounds each in six weeks."

Not being learned in rabbits, we trusted to his experience and promises that we should always from that time have a brace for the table whenever we wished for them. What was our disappointment, then, when a week after we heard of the death of one of them!—This was soon followed by another, and another, till the whole seven little "bunnies" shared the grave under the walnut tree, and in a day or two the doe likewise departed; I concluded she died of grief for the loss of her offspring.

In vain did we endeavor to discover the reason of this mortality; it could not have been for want of food, for they consumed nearly as many oats as the pony. At last Tom thought of the hutch, or "locker," as he called it. "It must," said he, gravely, "have had *the* disease."

"What disease?" asked we; but we could get no other name for it than *the* disease. So, what that fatal complaint among rabbits is, remains a profound mystery to us.

Now, this hutch was made of new wood in a carpenter's shop, at a cost of nearly £2, and how it could have become infected with this fearful complaint, we could not comprehend. However, from that time we abandoned rabbit-keeping, and resolved, not for the future to keep any live stock which we could not look after ourselves. We did not attempt to do so in this case, because we were frightened at the responsibility Tom threw on our shoulders, if we looked at them—the doe always eating her young ones was one of the evils to be dreaded by our interference.

I suppose profit is to be made by keeping them, or tame rabbits would not be placed in the poulterers' shops by the side of ducks and chickens, but we are quite at a loss to know how it is accomplished. It did not much matter in a pecuniary point of view, as it was very doubtful if the children's pets would ever have died for the benefit of the dinner-table, and I only insert this chapter for the purpose of proving what I stated, viz.: that if a lady wishes her stock of any kind to prosper, she must look after it herself. When I say prosper, I mean without the expense being double the value of the produce she would receive from her "four acre farm."

We did not enter these disasters in our housekeeping book—it went under the title of children's expenses. For my own part, I am disposed to think that it must always be expensive to keep live stock of any kind for which all the food has to be purchased. Had we continued to keep our fowls in the yard, I am convinced they would have brought us little or no profit; but the grass, worms and other things they found for themselves in the field, half supplied them in food, as well as keeping them healthy. We had not one death among our poultry from disease in the six months of which I have been relating this experience of our farming.

Our next venture proved more prosperous than the rabbits, and will be related in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

OUR PIGEONS.

After we had been a few months in the country, a friend, who was a great pigeon-fancier, wished to add some new varieties to his cote, and offered to send us, as a present, seven or eight pairs of those he wished to part with. We were greatly pleased with his offer, and at once set the carpenter to work to prepare a house for them. As soon as it was ready we received sixteen beautiful pigeons.

For the first fortnight the pigeon-holes were covered with net, that the birds might be enabled to survey at a distance their new abode, and become accustomed to the sight of the persons about the yard. When the net was removed, they eagerly availed themselves of their freedom to take flights round and round the house. One couple, of less contented disposition than the others, never returned, nor did we ever hear that they had returned to their old home. Our number was not, however, lessened by their desertion, for we received, at nearly the same time, from another friend, a pair of beautiful "pouters."

As we resolved to keep a debtor and creditor account of all the things we kept, we found that our eighteen pigeons consumed in every seven weeks:

	s.	d.
Two pecks of peas,	3	0
One peck of tares,	1	6
Ditto maize,	1	4
	5	10

In the first fourteen weeks we kept them, we received but two pairs of young ones, which were most mercilessly slaughtered for a pie. The price of those in the market would have been 1s. 6d. per pair, so that we were losers on our stock; but we must say that we did not receive them till nearly the end of September, and we were agreeably surprised at finding we had young ones fit for the table at Christmas.

From that time we have been well recompensed for our peas, tares, and maize, as each couple produces on an average a pair every six weeks; thus the produce was worth 12s., while the cost was something less than 6s. Even had there been no profit derived, we should still have kept them, as we consider no place in the country complete without these beautiful and graceful little creatures. It was a subject of never-failing delight to the children, watching them as they wheeled round and round the house of an evening, and it was always considered a great privilege to be allowed to feed them.

At first the food was kept in the stable, and Tom was the feeder; but we were soon obliged to alter this, as we never went into the yard without treading on the corn. It was afterwards removed to the back kitchen, round the door of which they used to assemble in a flock, till one of the servants threw them out their allowance. They were considered "pets" by all the household, and were so tame that they would allow themselves to be taken in the hand and stroked.

As for the young ones, who were doomed to the *steak*, we never saw them till they made their appearance in the pie. They were taken from the nest as soon as they were fledged.

I mention this, because we were sometimes accused by our visitors (for whose especial benefit the young ones were sometimes slain,) of cruelty, in eating the "pretty creatures;" but we never found that they had any scruples in partaking of them at dinner. It was usually as they were watching of a summer evening the flight of the parent birds that we were taxed with our barbarity.

We were one day much amused by a clergyman of our acquaintance, who kept a great number of these birds in a room, and who, in default of children to pet, made pets of his pigeons. At dinner, a pigeon-pie made part of the repast. This was placed opposite a visitor, who was requested to carve the dainty. He did so, and sent a portion of it to his host. The reverend gentleman looked at the plateful sent him attentively, and then said with a sigh, "I will trouble you to exchange this for part of the other bird. *This* was a peculiar favorite, and I always fed it myself. I put a mark on the breast after it was picked, for I could not bear to eat the little darling!"

We always thought that this sentimental divine had better either not have had the "little darling" put into the pie, or have swallowed his feelings and his favorite at the same time.

This dish seems to occasion wit as well as sentiment, for we were once asked by a facetious friend, "Why is a pigeon in a pie like Shakspeare's Richard III.?" We "gave it up," and were told, "Because it was bound unto the steak (stake,) and could not fly." This may perhaps be a worn-out jest, but it was fresh to the writer, and so perhaps it may be to some of her readers.

We will say a few words on the management of pigeons, before we conclude this chapter.

It is necessary that a pan of water should be placed in their house each day for them to wash in, and that a large lump of bay-salt should likewise be kept there. It should be occasionally cleaned out, and this is all the trouble attending keeping them. Feed them three times a day; and never throw more down than they pick up at a meal.

As I have said nothing of the profit derived from chickens when they are *reared* by the owner, so I now say nothing of the saving in keeping pigeons, when we came to sow a large patch of Indian corn, as well as some tares. We did so successfully in the acre of ground called the Orchard; and though we had abundance of fine fruit from it, the trees were not planted so thickly as to prevent any kind of crop from flourishing. But we repeat, this little book is a manual for the use of the beginner; and to such we hope it may prove both useful and encouraging.

CHAPTER X.

HOW WE CURED OUR HAMS.

I have now recounted our experience in keeping cows, pigs, chickens, ducks, rabbits, and pigeons; and with everything but the rabbits we were amply satisfied with the return we received for our labor. We had a constant supply of milk, butter, eggs, ducks, chickens, and pork, not only fresh, but in the shape of good hams and bacon.

I do not know whether it is or is not presumptuous, in the face of Miss Acton, Mrs. Rundle, and so many other authorities, not forgetting the great Alexis Soyer, to give "our method of curing" the last mentioned dainties; but we think we may as well follow up the history of our pigs, from the sty to the kitchen. I always found that the recipes usually given for salting pork contained too much saltpetre, which not only renders the meat hard, but causes it to be very indigestible. The following is the manner in which they were cured by ourselves:

For each ham of twelve pounds weight:
- Two pounds of common salt.
- Two ounces of saltpetre.
- Quarter pound of bay salt.
- Quarter pound of coarse sugar.

The hams to be well rubbed with this mixture, which must be in the finest powder. It is always the best plan to get your butcher to rub the meat, as a female hand is hardly heavy enough to do it effectually; they are then placed in a deep pan, and a wine-glass of vinegar is added. They should be turned each day; and for the first three or four should be well rubbed with the brine. After that time it will be sufficient, with a wooden or iron spoon, to well ladle it over the meat. They should remain three weeks in the pickle. When removed from it, they must be well wiped, put in brown paper bags, and then smoked with *wood* smoke for three weeks.

We once had nearly a whole pig spoiled by its being taken to a baker's where it was *dried*, but not smoked. When it came back it resembled very strong tallow.

In villages it is usual to send bacon and hams to be dried in the chimneys of farm-houses where wood is burnt, in the old fashioned manner, on dogs: but if resident in or near a small town, there is always a drying-house to be met with, where we believe sawdust is used for fuel. We have had our own dried in this manner, and always found them excellent.

We use the same pickle for twenty-four pounds weight of bacon, with the exception that we allow two pounds more of common salt, and when it is turned the second time the same quantity of salt is rubbed into it.

Some persons make a pickle of water, salt, sugar and saltpetre, boiled together, and when cold put in the hams, &c., without any rubbing. We have never tried that way for meats that are to be dried, but can strongly recommend it for salt beef, pork, or mutton. The following is the pickle always used in our kitchen:

- Three gallons of *soft* water.
- One pound of coarse sugar.
- Two ounces of saltpetre.
- Three pounds of common salt.

Boil together and let it be well skimmed; then, when cold, the meat to be well wiped and put into it. It will be fit to cook in ten days, but may be kept without injury for two months, when the pickle should be reboiled and well skimmed. The meat should be covered with brine, and the pan have a cover.

We have put legs of mutton into this pickle, and can assure the reader it is an excellent mode of cooking this joint, and as it is one which frequently makes its appearance at table where the family is large, it is sometimes a pleasant method of varying the dish. It is the best way of any we know of for curing tongues; it has the great advantage of always being ready for use, and you are not fearful of the carelessness of servants, who not unfrequently forget to look to the salting pans.

We can recommend a dish not often seen at table, and that is a sirloin of beef put into this pickle for about a fortnight. It is infinitely superior either to the round or edge-bone, and certainly not so extravagant as the last named joint.

A friend has told us that we should procure some juniper berries to put into our ham-pickle, but there were none to be purchased in our neighborhood, and as we are quite ignorant of the flavor they might impart, we did not trouble ourselves to get them. I am fond of old proverbs, and as our hams and bacon were always good, we determined to "let well alone."

COURTEOUS STRANGER.—"Hem—would you like to see the newspaper, sir?"

[Exhausted Editor, who has seen *nothing but* newspapers for the last four-and-twenty hours, looks aghast!]

LONELINESS OF GREAT CITIES.—The vaster the crowd the more solitary the individual, the more lonely the heart. "No one," says a recent writer, "is known in London; it is the realm of the incognito and the anonymous. It is not a place, but a region or a State. There is no such thing as local opinion in the metropolis; mutual personal knowledge there is none; neighborhood, good repute, bad fame, there are none. No house knows the next door. How is a man to show what he is, when he is but a grain of sand out of a mass, without relations to others, without a place, without history, without distinctiveness? Crowds pour along the streets; and although each has their own character written on high, they are, one and all, the same to men below."

☞ There is no knowledge so thorough as that which is gained at last, after years of baffled and wondering inquiry.

QUESTION FOR FINANCIAL MEN.

How is it possible for several persons to be at the same time, and for the same sum of money, at once debtor and creditor to each other?

ILLUSTRATION.

Mr. Danderly had a son and son-in-law.—The son-in-law was very curious to know whether his parent-in-law was altogether easy in his circumstances, and whether his extreme economy arose from avarice or necessity.

In order to discover the truth, he requested from Mr. Danderly the loan of fifty dollars. Mr. Danderly, who really was extremely short of money, but not at all inclined to let his son-in-law discover it, replied to his request, that he would oblige him with pleasure, but that first he must change a larger bill, as he had not so small an amount at hand; and if his son-in-law would wait an hour he would bring him the money.

Off hurries Mr. Danderly, and in order to accede to the request of his son-in-law, applies to his son for the loan of the fifty dollars, but without saying a word of the circumstances.

The son, who, like his father, is altogether moneyless, but anxious to oblige his father, also conceals his inability, and begs him to wait for only half an hour, as he must get a locksmith to remove the lock from his desk, he having most unfortunately lost the key. The son then hurries away in his turn, and, in order to help his father (but without mentioning his request), applies to the son-in-law for the required sum, which he immediately obtains.

Then he hastens with it to accommodate his father, who as quickly hurries to oblige his son-in-law with the requested loan; and thus, each one of the three becomes at the same time debtor and creditor for the same fifty dollars.

KISSING CASUISTRY.

When Sarah Jane, the moral miss,
Declares 'tis very wrong to kiss—
I'll bet a shilling I see through it:
The damsel, fairly understood,
Feels just as any Christian should—
She'd rather *suffer* wrong than *do* it!

☞ You must persuade a child to place confidence in you, if you wish to form an open, upright character; you cannot terrify it into habits of truth.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

Useful Receipts.

TOMATOES.—This delicious, wholesome vegetable is spoiled by the manner it is served up on the table. It is not one time in a hundred more than half-cooked. It is simply scalded, and served as a sour porridge. It should be cooked three hours—it cannot be cooked in one. The fruit should be cut in halves and the seeds scraped out. The mucilage of the pulp may be saved if desired, by straining out the seeds, and adding it to the fruit, which should boil rapidly for an hour, and simmer three hours more until the water is dissolved, and the contents of the saucepan is a pulp of mucilaginous matter, which is much improved by putting in the pan, either before putting in the fruit or while it is cooking, an ounce of butter and half a pound of fat bacon cut fine, to half a peck of tomatoes and a small pepper pod, with salt to suit the taste. The fat adds a pleasant flavor, and makes the dish actual food, instead of a mere relish. The pan must be carefully watched and but little fire used, and the mass stirred often to prevent burning, toward the last, when the water is nearly all evaporated. The dish may be rendered still more attractive and rich as food by breaking in two or three eggs, and stirring vigorously just time enough to allow the eggs to become well cooked. Tomatoes thoroughly cooked may be put in tight cans, and kept any length of time; or the pulp may be spread upon plates and dried in the sun, or a slow oven, and kept as well as dried pumpkin, dried apples, peaches, or pears, and will be found equally excellent in winter. For every-day use, a quantity sufficient for the use of a family a week may be cooked at once, and afterward eaten cold, or warmed over. We beg of those who use this excellent fruit to try what cooking will do for it. It has been eaten half-cooked long enough. It never should be dished until dry enough to be taken from the dish with a fork, instead of a spoon.—*New York Tribune.*

GREEN CORN FOR WINTER USE.—Take the ears of corn, remove the husk, all but the last one; get a tight cask, put in a layer of corn and a layer of salt, another of corn, and another of salt, and so on until the cask is full; pour in a little cold water, and cover tight. When you wish to cook it, take it out of the brine, remove the husk, cut it off from the cob, and soak till fresh. This is better than drying, and not as much trouble. Green corn will not keep in glass jars or tin cans. This is our experience; perhaps some one has been more successful.

CITRON PICKLES.—Take the rind of ripe citron, pare it and cut into slices; take half a pound of sugar to one of fruit and boil it till soft; add cinnamon and cloves to taste; put in one pint of vinegar to six pounds of fruit. Scald the whole together.

ROAST BEEF PIE.—Cut the cold roast beef left from a previous meal into thin slices; lay some of the slices into a deep dish which you have lined on the sides with a good puff paste; sprinkle over this layer a little pepper and salt, put in a few slices of tomatoes; another layer of beef, another of seasoning, until the dish is filled; cover the whole with paste, and bake half an hour.

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—You may generally remove freckles without using cosmetics, (which are oftentimes dangerous by reason of their containing mineral agents,) by merely stimulating the absorbent vessels of the skin to take them up and carry them away as refuse. Any smart stimulant will act in this way; but it has been found that the safest are taken from the vegetable kingdom. One of the best and easiest is the lotion made of a tea-cupful of sour milk and a small quantity of scraped horse-radish; let this stand from six to twelve hours, then use it to wash the parts affected twice or thrice a day.—*Exchange paper.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 15, 10, 2, 29, 44, 31, was slain by my 5, 20, 25, 40, 45.
My 15, 26, 38, 17, 13, were guardian spirits who presided over the destinies of men.
My 8, 42, 21, 24, 41, 30, was sorely tempted by my 30, 39, 43, 45, 26, 25, 40, 2.
My 45, 13, 18, 14, 34, was the goddess of hunting.
My 3, 23, 6, 37, 16, was a mighty giant.
My 22, 1, 32, 7, 37, is a town in Italy noted for its hot sulphur baths.
My 42, 26, 35, 43, 37, 27, was slain by my 32, 8, 31, 17, 2, 2, 26, 11.
My 29, 26, 1, 43, was the goddess of youth.
My 36, 4, 10, 28, 2, 26, 45, 19, 43, is the greatest gift of God to man.
My 9, 17, 25, 40, 12, is a fictitious name.
My 36, 2, 26, 1, 43, 9, was one of Napoleon's bravest marshals.
My 33, 17, 7, 32, 29, is a mountain in Palestine.
My whole was a daring exploit. J. W. B.
Raven Rock, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 3, 12, 7, 19, 1, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 6, 10, 8, 14, 1, 4, is a Bible name.
My 7, 17, 10, 15, 19, was a President of the United States.
My 9, 7, 8, was one of the twelve tribes of Israel.
My 13, 2, 15, 18, was an eminent historian.
My 16, 11, 5, 18, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 11, 14, 12, was King of Denmark, Sweden and Norway.
My 19, 5, 10, 15, is a gulf southeast of Asia.
My whole were two of the greatest mathematicians of antiquity.
East Liverpool, O. MYLIO.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 6, 5, 7, 4, is a town in Illinois.
My 3, 6, 8, 9, 4, 15, 12, 1, is one of the United States.
My 6, 15, 8, 12, 16, 18, 2, 4, 2, is one of the United States.
My 17, 16, 13, 14, 3, 2, is a country in the Eastern Hemisphere.
My 11, 9, 2, 11, 18, is a river which separates two Western States.
My whole is one of the largest western cities and State it is situated in.
Belleville, JOHN WINTER, Jr.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first extends from place to place,
From town to farm, if right I trace;
It is of use to great and small,
Yet trampled under foot by all.

My second has been found to be
In river, ocean, lake and sea;
And while it does exist, I know
That water will around it flow.

Belonging to the eastern side
Of Uncle Sam's dominions wide,
Where Neptune's songs in praise resound,
My whole is surely to be found.

Kilgore, O. A. PEABODY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first denotes the attitude we were in.
My second is a Scriptural name for a certain section of country.
My third is a part of the week
My fourth is the name of the most celebrated woman in Scripture.
My fifth is added to my fourth, to give it another meaning.
My sixth is a part of a fence.
CHARLES M. BAKER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two women took a walk with their children; they saw two men coming; one says to the other, "Yonder are our fathers and our husbands, our children's fathers and our children's grandfathers." How could that be?
Albia, Iowa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A father asked his two boys, Daniel and Carey, how much money they had. Daniel says: "Both of us have fifty cents, sir." Carey, being more of a visionary, remarks: "Most worthy sire, if each, for his present sum, had as many as he now has for every one the other possesses, and for every one he *then* had as many more as would be expressed by the cube of the number which represented his original sum, we should then, together, have $242823." How much money had each?
Sharpsburg. T. L. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a child reading his alphabet and saying K instead of the next letter, like the air we breathe? Ans.—Because it is an L he meant (element.)

☞ Why is a bare-footed boy like a Greenlander? Ans.—Because he wears no shoes (snow shoes.)

☞ Why are large rivers like trees? Ans.—Because they have branches.

☞ Why is the freight of a ship like a locomotive? Ans.—Because it makes the car-go.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wanted, the needle that knit the brows.
A grain from the sands of life.
A leg from a clock that runs.
A button from a coat of paint.
Some tobacco for the pipe of a stove.
Philadelphia. E. D. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—James Lawrence—"Don't give up the ship." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The sudden termination of European war. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. CHARADE—Archangel. ANAGRAMS—Astronomy, Laporte, Clearfield, Kersey, Towanda, Kittanning, Cumberland, Potter, Easton, Columbus, Rosedale, Somerset. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—3, 9, 27—81—243.

J. Boules' land per acre $61,606; David Boules' land per acre $56,106.
Portland, Ct. EXAMINOR.